VOL. CCXVII, No. 2837
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
JUNE 26, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

MC
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
DRY IMPERIAL and PREMIÈRE CUVÉE
Vintage Non-Vintage
MC

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

=ABDULLA = MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES * *

By Appointment Cyder makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI THE LATE QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London
Gaymer's
CYDER
Preferred by people of good taste

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED. TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

BACK AFTER 13 YEARS
... still the perfect China flavour
... still in the pale blue packet
ONLY the name is shortened ...
HARDEN'S "DOG-CHI" TEA

Great stuff this Bass
TRADE MARK

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL. LONDON, S.W.1.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE,
195-198 STRAND LONDON, W.C.2

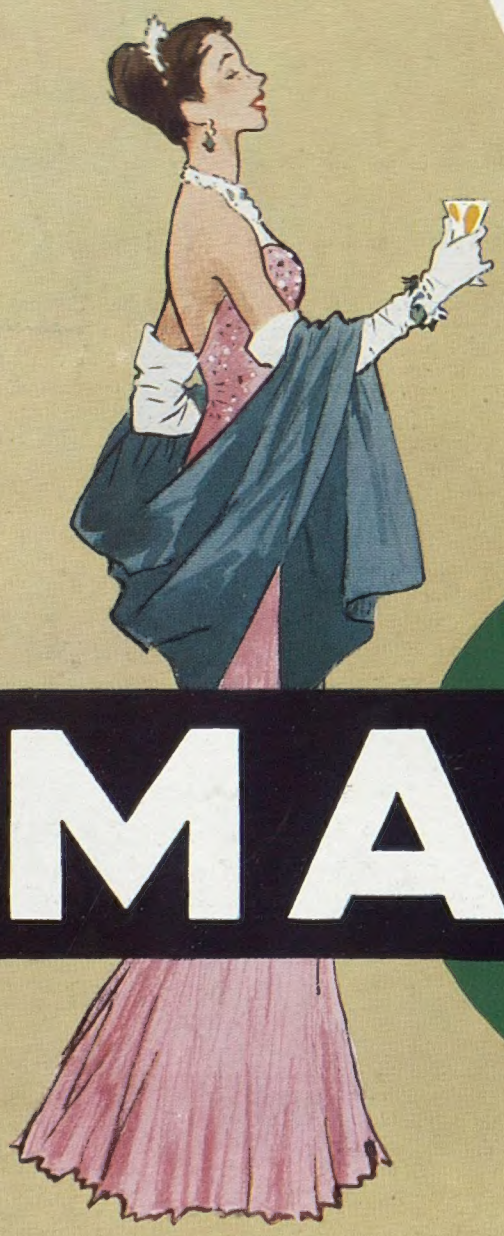
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/-

In a 'dry martini'

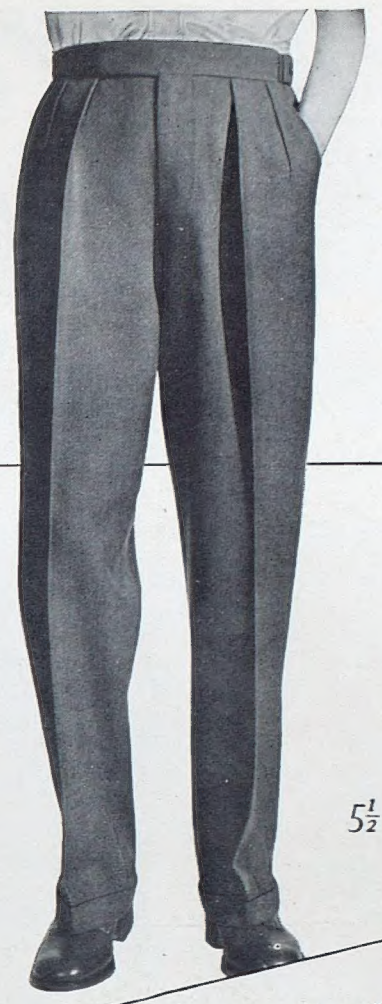
better drink



DRY

MARTINI

new

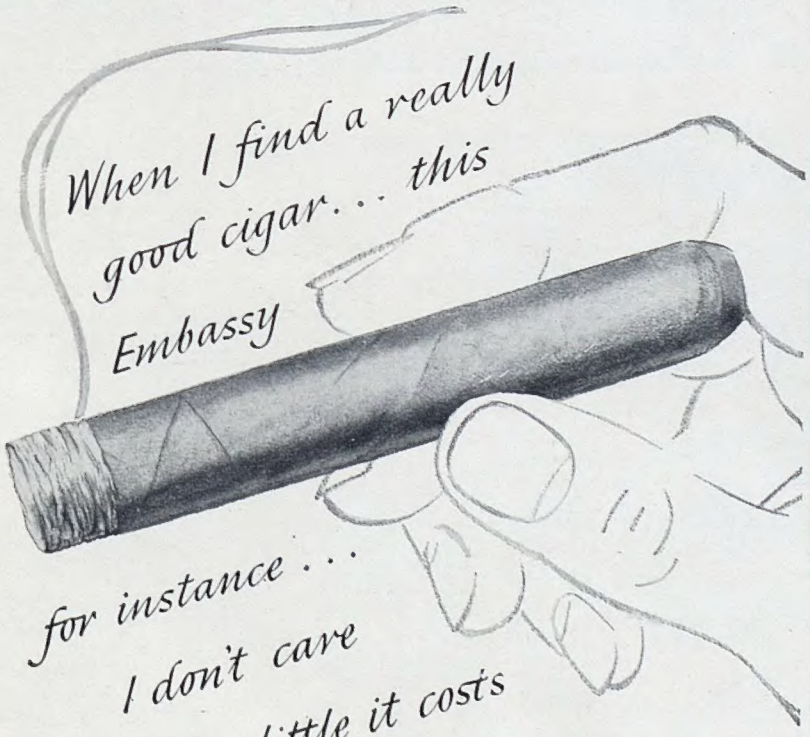


Austin Reed sports trousers
new cut · new cloths · new colours
new waistband · new front
new pockets · more comfort and
elegance all round

5½ guineas

AUSTIN REED *Of Regent Street*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES
LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



The man who considers the cigar first and the price afterwards is the man to appreciate the mild Havana flavour of Wills's EMBASSY CIGARS.

Prices from 1/9d. each

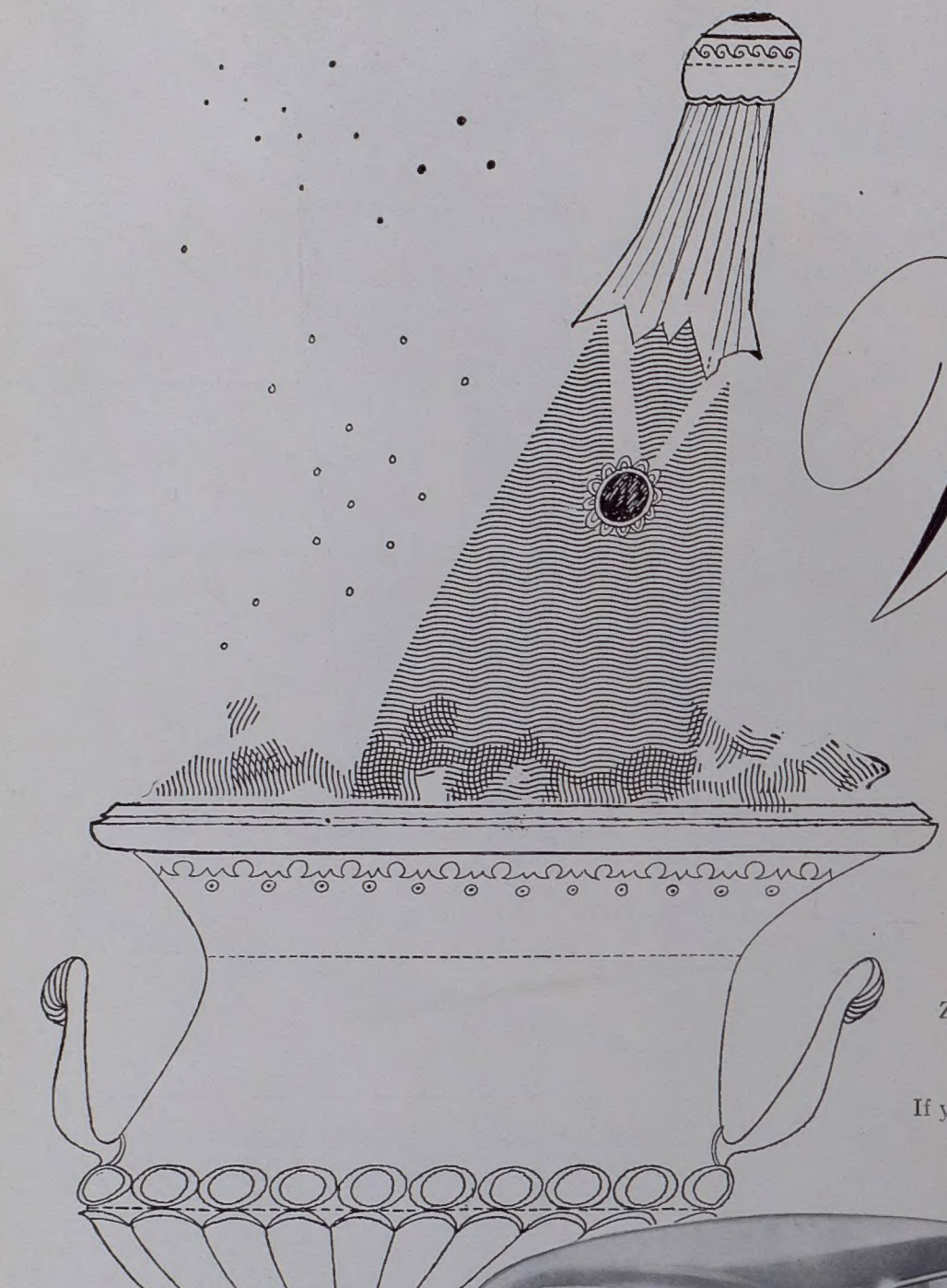
Embassy CIGARS BY WILLS

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. EC21

Queen of Scots

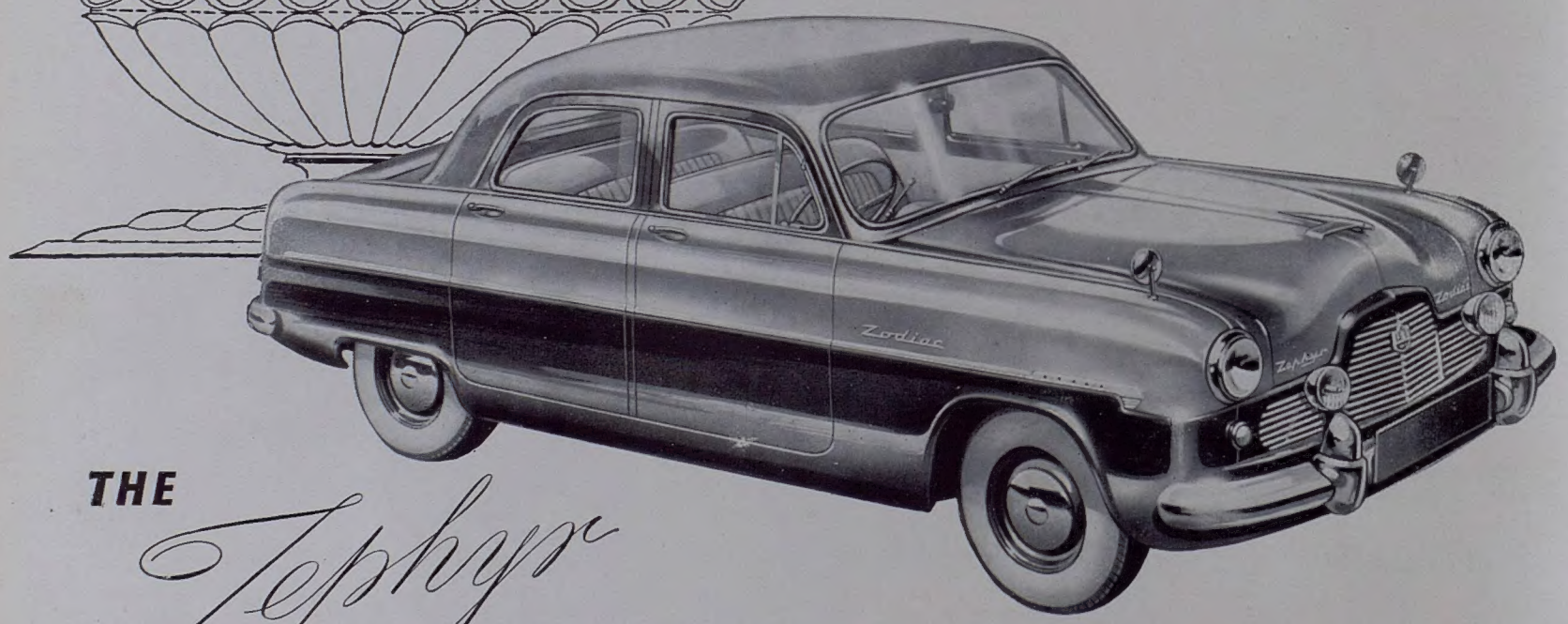
HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. DISTILLERS LEITH SCOTLAND



Vintage 1954

In every community there are people who have a flair for good-living, a sense of style. That it is such people who have made the Zephyr Zodiac the most admired car of recent years tells you a great deal about the car itself. If you have just discovered the exhilaration of '5-Star' motoring, you will find 1954 a year to remember.



THE *Zephyr* **ZODIAC IS A LOVELY CAR**

DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD

Ford '5 Star' Motoring ★ the best at lowest cost

Volume CCXVII No. 2837 The SPHERE, London, June 26, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

LANDAU WINS FOR THE QUEEN—A JUBILANT ROYAL BOX ON THE FINAL DAY OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: This was the first of two Royal victories on Friday of last week, and took place a few hours after the Queen had escaped injury during a canter along the course. In the front row, from left, are Mrs. Michael Astor; the Princess Royal; the Queen Mother; the Queen; the Duke of Gloucester; Lady Patricia Ramsay; the Duchess of Beaufort (applauding); Lord Porchester; Lady May Abel Smith and Capt. Charles Moore. In the rear are Mr. Oliver Millar; Sir Eric Mieville; Lord Hambleden; the Duchess of Kent; Lady Ogilvy and Princess Alexandra.

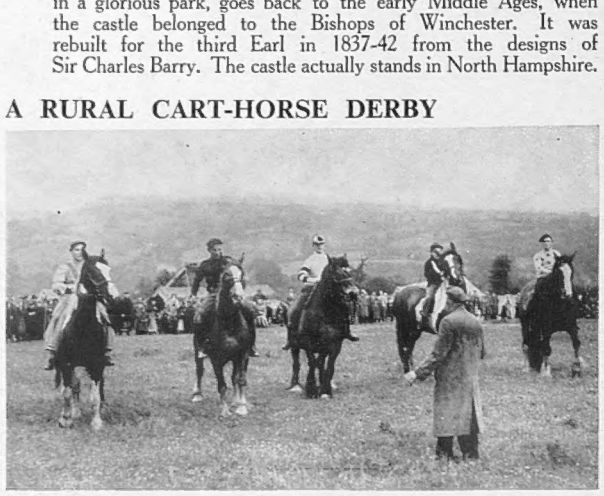
Friday of last week, the final day of the week-long Royal Ascot meeting, was essentially a Royal day. After taking part in the Royal drive through the golden gates and up the course to the Royal box, the Queen saw her colt Landau, with Sir Gordon Richards up, get away to a fine start in the Rous Memorial Stakes and remain in the lead throughout the race. This was the first of two wins for the Queen, for later in the afternoon E. Smith rode the Coronation Cup winner, Aureole, to victory in the Hardwicke Stakes, beating Janitor in a photo-finish by a matter of inches. There was a great cheer for the Royal owner when the result was announced and the Queen, already in the unsaddling enclosure, went forward to meet her horse and to speak to M. Boussac, owner of the runner-up. Earlier in the day the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and by other members of the Royal party from Windsor Castle, went riding over the new course at Ascot, and while passing the grandstand nearly collided with a temporary telephone cable stretched across the course to the number board. The Duke of Edinburgh, who was in the lead, shouted a warning and the other members of the party were able to slow down in time and duck under the wires, which were about 8 feet from the ground. (Other pictures from Ascot appear on pp. 540–41 and 544–45.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

HIGHCLERE CASTLE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

LORD CARNARVON'S HUGE VICTORIAN MANSION NEAR NEWBURY : It has been opened to the public for the first time and the admission fee of 1s. is being given to a local charity; the arrangement is only temporary. The history of this great mansion set in a glorious park, goes back to the early Middle Ages, when the castle belonged to the Bishops of Winchester. It was rebuilt for the third Earl in 1837-42 from the designs of Sir Charles Barry. The castle actually stands in North Hampshire.

A RURAL CART-HORSE DERBY



COMPETITORS LINE UP FOR THE START OF THE ANNUAL RACE AT THE VILLAGE OF WOODMANCOTE, NEAR CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTERSHIRE : Although this year's race took place in a continuous downpour of rain, it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the many entrants, and the spectators were rewarded with a fine rendering of their traditional sport. The horses are ridden bareback and they have to complete two laps round a large field. The ability of the rider to guide his heavy mount often counts more than speed, as some of the horses charge off the course.

REVIVING A MIDSUMMER-EVE CUSTOM

THE HAY-SPRINKLING CEREMONY AT THE ANCIENT HOLY CROSS PARISH CHURCH AT GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX : Children, dressed in Saxon style, go in procession to the church for a rehearsal of last Sunday's revival of the ancient Saxon ceremony which consists of carrying bundles of hay to the church, where they are spread on the floor. The bundles of hay are given by the parish priest to the girls, and after a blessing it is they who spread the hay on the floor. Children form a double line outside the church, and when the girls come out there is country dancing to the accompaniment of violins and recorders. The hay-sprinkling ceremony was revived by members of the church to assist the drive by the Historic Churches Trust to raise funds to save over 2,000 parish churches from decay and ruin.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscriptions to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s., £2* 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.,* £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Charming Survival.—The Garter ceremonial and procession to St. George's is one which the people delight in. When the weather smiles (as for once it did) it is one of the most enchanting pageants of the Castle of Enchantment. Inside the curtain walls you are back into the picturesque days of the Tudors. But outside, of course, the grim age of international upheaval and the drab days of modern and undigested democracy reign and are clamorous. Because of these truths and because the curtain walls are (for such ceremonies) an iron curtain, one is compelled to speculate on the future of this old piece of pomp and pageantry which very few would wish to do away with. For its survival there is one hopeful point. The Garter was formerly a political plum for which succeeding Premiers (Tory or Liberal) very bitterly and jealously fought as a reward for their more powerful supporters. You have only to read Trollope to learn how anxious and fierce was the canvassing. True, there was then (even less than now) "no damned merit" about it. The only "merit" was the power to adorn it with wealth and political patronage, and *that* in the days of aristocratic government Tories and Whigs shared equally. All that is changed since Labour came to power. The political cachet has gone from the Garter and the bestowal of it is now as much a grace and favour of the Sovereign as is the Victorian Order. But we never know what Governments may come to power nor who may lead those Governments. Sir Winston has his roots in Victorianism, sees nothing anomalous in unnecessary hereditary titles, has a profound affection for the more picturesque traditions and functions of the Sovereign and probably understands the majority opinion of the people on these matters better than most. But suppose a left-wing Labour Premier were leading a left-wing Labour Government, it is possible he might think it worth while to examine the list of Knights of the Order or be pressed by his supporters to raise the question of political one-sidedness. For a democratic Sovereign, even in employing a purely picturesque and non-political source of the Fountain of Honour, must for ever try to avoid any handle of partiality; and the trouble about the Garter, to-day, is that still the "merit" of being in a position to "adorn" it and carry it off, is a criterion of election.

No Damned Politics.—The Knights who attended last week's ceremony do not read like a hand-picked, fifty-fifty selection from the two great parties, and one of the reasons why that is so is that many leading Labour V.I.P's would refuse the offer, if made, from fear of jealousy in their own ranks, or would reject it on the score of finance. The Dukes of Norfolk, Wellington, Beaufort, Portland, the Marquises of Salisbury and Zetland, the Earls of Athlone, Stanhope and Scarbrough, and Lords Allendale, Harlech and Cranworth are a bunch of very worthy and eminent public men, but there is not much tang of Socialism about them. Now, as formerly, there are Knights from the Services; merit decides *their* choice, and politics in their case was never much considered. Over recent decades, I make no doubt several Labour men have been offered the Garter, but without research I can think of only one who ventured to accept it—Lord Addison. I should be sorry to see this old survival disappear, but there is always a possibility that the preservation of a purely historical relic of our picturesque traditions of aristocratic government may one day be questioned on the score of political bias, even when every aspect of politics is purged from it. I fancy that still a bare majority of our nation echo the poetry of Lord John Manners :

> "Let Wealth and Commerce, Laws and Learning die,
> But leave us still our old Nobility."

We are very fond of museum pieces and we are being rapidly museumised at our own request.

A Deep Impression.—There must be the hell of a good time coming for us or else the hell of a big bang. Whether we believe in the doctrine of averages in our hopes of brighter weather in a dismal summer or base our faith on the saw that every cloud is silver-lined, we must all have felt, during that terrible week-end of June 11–13, that things could hardly get much worse, meteorologically and even politically. A deep depression hung over us that week-end and "further outlook was (distinctly) unsettled." No chronicler of events should neglect to record that black week-end. The weather had been late Octoberish, the international situation seemed about as bad as in worst post-war "low." People began again to spe of inevitable World War III. At Geneva one mo conference, opened in high hope, had reached the usu impasse after seven weeks of diplomacy, from whi the only visible good is an enhancement of Mr. Eden reputation for patience. A statesman can get a reput tion for patience without results. A reputation diplomacy requires successes. And no western state man can unequivocally claim the latter since 1945, perhaps a good deal further back. And why? Becau western diplomacy is old-world diplomacy, and ol world diplomacy was based on effective sanction The glove was beautifully velvet because the hand und it was solid iron. We "sent a gunboat" as a la resort and our diplomacy was rewarded with a Garte And now? We treat with modern and ruthle dictators with a museum-piece weapon and a muddl mind. Our one defence lies in a united Weste Europe and free world, and that unity is withhel the vital treaty is not ratified. And even behind the assurances of the Americans that the impious a frightful weapon of mass destruction will be used, World War III breaks out, those assurances fall more frightened people on our side of the Iron Curta than on the other side. And why not? *We* live in built-up area, we are much more vulnerable. O bluff reveals its weak hand, and the dictators time a again call our bluff. It looks to-day as if a nice chan in the weather is less unlikely than a nice change international tension, and even that is optimism.

A Wonderful People.—If there be a reality behind Greek and Roman mythology, we m be sure that the old Gods are enjoying the spectac

HERBERT MORRISON PAYS A CALL

TWO LABOUR LEADERS MEET : During his recent flying visit to Israel, Mr. Herbe Morrison spent some time at the bedside of the former Premier of Israe David Ben Gurion, who retired last January, at the Tel Hashomer Hospita

of humanity, to-day, in its frightful tragi-comed There they sit, cracking their ribs on Olympus at t contortions of men trying to control the inventions their own impious "cleverness," and I am sure the enjoy the scene on this little island in "The Londo Season." Still, as of old, the traditional pomps a pageants are written up and staged. The sightsee queue up for front seats through the dismal autumn rainstorms; the columnists write up the Derby a Ascot fashionables and the night life of the bright youn things, the debutantes curtsy on the crater-edg new peers and baronets are created and a thousan more Civil Servants receive ribbons and orders. As was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be; th pattern of Edwardianism continues; why should stop? Why, indeed? . . . unless you remember the Edwardianism was before the bombardment. *We* exi after two major bombardments and in expectation a still bigger bang. The Edwardians refused to believ in the probability even of a pop. We know bette But the London Season is an institution, the Derb and Ascot, a specially privileged inner-circle of golde lads and lassies, and hereditary titles *are* Englan We may have no future, but at least we have a pas We must hold on to something, even if it's a museu exhibit. If Jupiter (Pluvius) and Mars and Vulca are cracking their ribs, they can hardly withhold th tribute of admiration :—"Hell," they say, "they ma be comics, but they're a great little people, if th weather and the signs of the times can't damp ther down." And, calling ourselves a modern democracy we surely are—a comical and a great people.

An Unlucky People, Too?—There ar times (like to-day) when I feel we are an unlucky people also. We are like Tantalus or a tantalus. We can se delicious draughts of liquor to assuage our thirst, bu they are locked up, beyond our reach. We possess

stitution which is the envy of the world. (Compare ith the French or the American !) A monarchy ch delights and dazzles civilisation, a Parliament a judicature second to none. We belong to a mmonwealth of Nations which all civilised nations nowledge to be proven in war and peace to be the fect pattern of international fellowship and co-opera- and the path to universal peace. We are still oned a decent, disciplined people. But we cannot y these blessings as we would. They are locked y. Or, like Laocoon, we are caught in the toils of mmunism and insane nationalism and suspicion, and t strength is left to us is used in a ceaseless and ful struggle to free ourselves and others far less ipped to benefit by freedom, far less determined to ke sacrifices for it. Then again, in a less serious ere, our recreations, social institutions and famous rting fixtures are the envy of and a loadstone for er nations. But most of them depend on fine ther and we haven't the climate to make much of m. I recall that we once prospered in " splendid ation." Isolation (it is now agreed) was never ndid and to-day is suicide. No doubt, that is true. it is difficult to resist the futile and impious specula- :—Where would we stand to-day, and would our be happier, if petroleum had never been discovered the internal-combustion engine never invented ? w we cheered those discoveries, how we glorified the t men who, in air and submarine achievements, ined our ditch and knocked down our fortress walls. n Englishmen don't see beyond their own noses. here we are, with uncountable blessings of our to enjoy and to offer to other nations, struggling h a score of other Laocoons (some of whom make the ggle more hopeless) to win free to enjoy such sings as we might have. And the years pass. . . .

Waiting for Play.—Under ideal conditions d's pavilion is quite an exciting place, when runs coming quickly for the side you favour or the my's wickets tumble. But when a sprinkling of are waiting inside for the captains to decide ther play will be possible that day, the pavilion, as an art gallery, cannot be reckoned as cheerful, indeed wears the air of the Assyrian Antiquities tion of the British Museum on a foggy, wet November . The exhibits are very old, but the sprinkling of otees begin almost to rival the most ancient exhibits. look at each other in wonder and pity that poor so-and-so should carry his years so heavily, for r all he is not much more than seventy, as indeed are. The M.C.C. ties fail to illumine or cheer the ne, the reminiscence men have fallen silent and e are fallen asleep. And when we septuagenarians asleep in a hard chair, we look our age . . . and e. But what a race we are ; discipline and restraint ingrained in us. In one sense, we still play cricket. one bursts out into obscenities, no one fires a pistol or lodes a bomb, not even those who have driven mile to see the match. We go quietly away and muse m sleeps. Science, perhaps—the glory of age—has still a shot in its locker. Perhaps one our decorated scientists is even now at work in ising better and bigger screen for keeping the off Test wickets. There were six of them covering Lord's wicket and they looked very small and dequate and set at curious angles. It is not much protecting the wicket or a section of the wicket ended for use, if the deflected rain turns it into an nd sit surrounded on all sides by water. That the trouble at Lord's. There must be punts to get player's on to the field of battle until Science has an effective egg. Meanwhile, bankruptcy yawns our reviving County Clubs, and the Test fans have d away £20,000 for the privilege of seeing 3 inches ain fall for no runs, followed by a scratch game of tching for runs at the rate of 20 per hour.

Cheer Up.—These lines indeed are "written depression." What shall I say to cheer you up ? thing is sure. By the time these lines see print, shall have enjoyed or be enjoying a lovely English mer day (to be followed by a thunderstorm). yal Ascot, perhaps, has been at its most glorious and columnists will be busy with the frocks and frills love-affairs of the select golden lads and lasses *matter*. Perhaps we shall be at the beginning of official drought, perhaps people will be watching ket in shirtsleeves, twenty rows deep, on the ndary line. Perhaps it will be 91 degs. on the Air istry roof ("highest since records were kept"). vicars, perhaps, will be praying for rain, and otov, in the role of dove, handing out olive branches urging peace. Hope will be in the air (and thunder) Mr. Eden booked for a Garter. And the esplanades look less like Blake's idea of Hell, and standing- m only will be available on the beaches.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The Problems of Air Safety

By JOHN TAYLOR

With Photographs and Special Drawings by Cavendish Morton

Clyde Week

Uffa Fox Discusses Prospects for this Year's Yachting Regatta

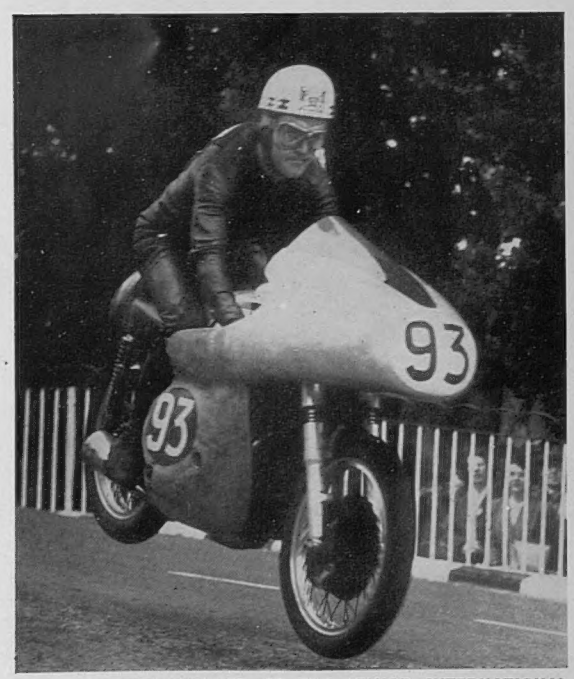
THE MEMORIAL AT LONDON AIRPORT TO TWO PIONEER ATLANTIC AIRMEN

COMMEMORATING THE FIRST AEROPLANE CROSSING OF THE OCEAN : The Rev. Gordon Hyslop, Assistant Chaplain of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, dedicates the memorial to Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown at London Airport after its unveiling by Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation (*below*). Also on the platform is Lord Brabazon. The day of the unveiling also marked the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Alcock-Brown flight. Carved in Portland stone, the memorial now occupies a temporary site ; later it will be transferred to the central terminal area. *Inset on right*—The inscription, which records that the plane flew at an average speed of 118 m.p.h.

NEWS FROM MANY QUARTER

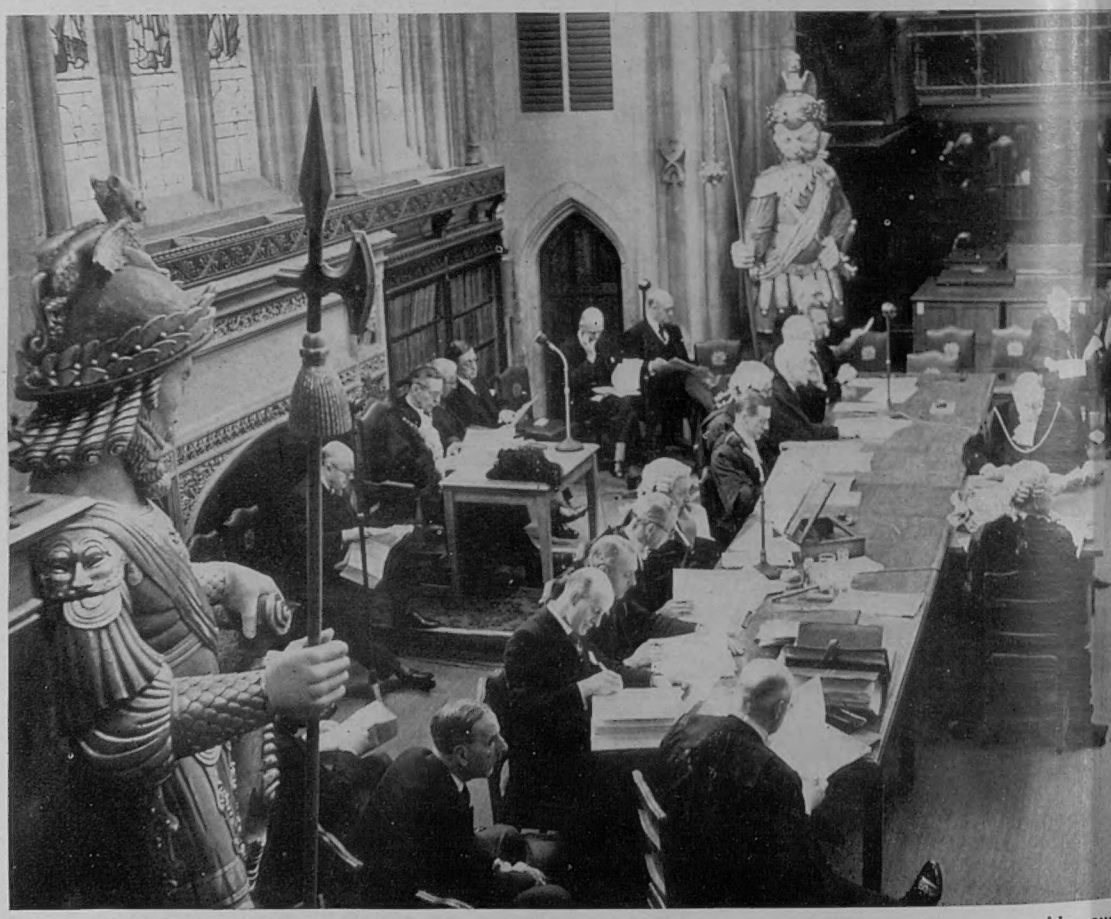
A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events Throughout Britain and the World

THE LONDON SCOTTISH MARCH THROUGH DEESIDE: The scene near Cambus o' May, between Ballater and Aboyne, when the London Scottish, in camp in Scotland for the first time since 1937, began their three-day 40-mile route march from Upper Deeside to Aberdeen. It marked the close of their annual training. On arrival at Aberdeen the men were led through the city by their pipes and drums, and the salute at the march-past was taken outside the Music Hall in Union Street by the Lord Provost.



THE DISPUTED WINNER OF THE SENIOR INTERNATIONAL T.T. RACE AT THE ISLE OF MAN: Ray Amm, seen travelling at speed on his Norton motor-cycle during this race, which was stopped after four laps because of bad weather. Amm at this time was in the lead, and was adjudged the winner. When the race was stopped, Geoff Duke, who was riding for the Gilera team from Italy, was lying second, and Piero Taruffi, the manager of the Italian team, claimed that Duke had stopped for refuelling before the race was finished and that Amm had deferred refuelling and therefore had unfair advantage over Duke. The stewards considered this protest but upheld their decision that Amm was the winner. Evidence showed that the Norton machines could complete the race without refuelling.

THE DUKE OF KENT RECEIVES HEAD INJURIES IN A MOTOR COLLI Garage hands examine the crumpled bodywork of the Hi shooting brake which was being driven by the young Duke it was involved in a collision on the London-Penzance road, Sunningdale, Berkshire, last Sunday. The other car involved Ford V-8 on the left, was being driven by Mr. R. H. Higto West Kensington. The cars were travelling in opposite directions, the from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and Mr. Higton in the di of Sunningdale. Mr. Higton was just about to overtake another car wh saw the Duke's car approaching. The sides of the two cars collided a force of impact swung the Duke's car around and His Royal Highne thrown from his seat, his head and shoulders being under the side of the vehicle. Other motorists stopped and rushed to the scene of the accide an ambulance was called. The Duke was taken to St. Peter's Hospital, Ch where it was stated that he sustained a moderately severe head injury. Duchess of Kent was informed and she went direct to the hospital. Lat accompanied her son to the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases at Bloom



GUILDHALL VETO ON A NEW ALDERMAN: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater, presides ov Court of Common Council, the local authority for the City of London, when supporters of Mr. Percy T Lovely, elected for the Ward of Cheap and who was refused membership of the Court of Aldermen, to obtain a new hearing for him. In the election held on April 6, Mr. Lovely had defeated Sir James

The Court of Aldermen has the right of veto on the election by ward franchise of a new Alderman. They last exercised their right seventy-seven years ago. In 1877 Sir John Bennett, also elected Alderman for the ward of Cheap at three ward motes, was excluded from the Court of Aldermen.

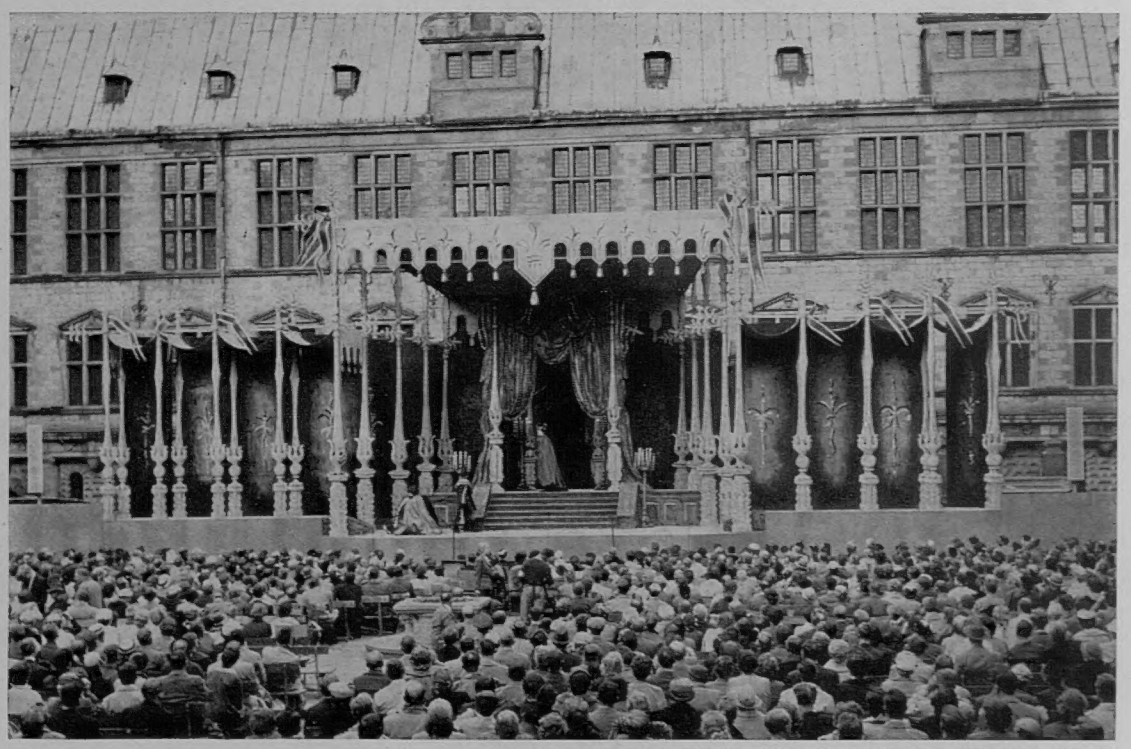
Mr. Lovely's election took place on April 6, after the resignation, for reasons of health, of Sir Frederick Tidbury-Beer, and his application for admission to the Court was made on May 11, when the decision was deferred until June 14. The Lord Mayor, Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater, then announced that the Court was not satisfied that Mr. Lovely was "a suitable person to discharge the duti Alderman of this City and to be admitted to the Court of Alde He added that the decision reflected in no way on Mr. L integrity, directly or indirectly, in his public or private l

Mr. Lovely, a Lloyd's underwriter and a member o City Companies, was City Sheriff in 1951—Festival of year. He announced his intention of standing again. A decision to defer consideration of his application last month, was written to the Town Clerk on his behalf and he had r a reply assuring him that no petition against him had been

ANCE'S NEW PREMIER : M. Pierre Mendès-France addressing the National Assembly in Paris during the Investiture debate. The Assembly approved his appointment as Prime Minister by 415 votes, which gave him a clear majority even without the support of the Communists. M. Mendès-France, whose appointment as Prime Minister surprised all the political forecasters, gained the support of the Assembly when he promised to try to secure a settlement in Indo-China by July 20. His Government contains chiefly members of his own party, the Socialist Radicals, and Social Republicans, the Gaullists. The M.R.P. and the Socialists have officially refused to accept office. M. Mendès-France, himself, took over the conduct of Foreign Affairs, and within a few days had already had talks with Mr. Eden and Mr. Bedell-Smith in Paris.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL OPENS HIS GARDENS TO THE PUBLIC : Some of the 4,000 visitors seen in the grounds of Chartwell Manor, the Premier's Westerham home, when it was open to the public last week in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The proceeds amounted to £400. The gardens will be opened again in July in aid of local charities. The gardeners themselves took round some of the visitors to explain points of interest.

E OLD VIC COMPANY'S "HAMLET" FESTIVAL AT ELSINORE, IN DENMARK : Miss Fay Compton who plays the part of Queen Gertrude, is seen being received by King Frederik, Queen Ingrid and Princess Margrethe inside Kronborg Castle at Elsinore.



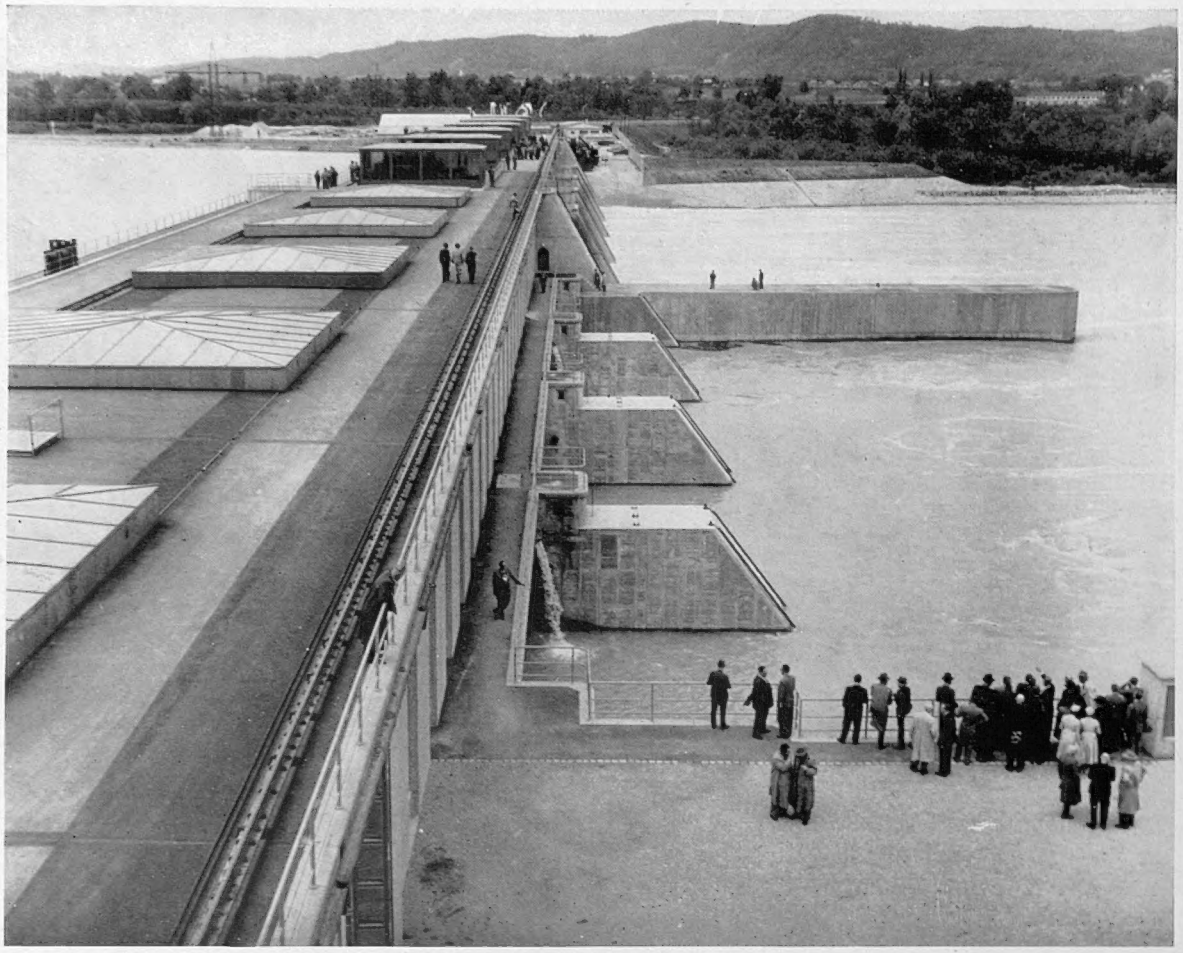
THE SCENE ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET" AT KRONBORG CASTLE, ELSINORE : Part of the large audience which saw the play can be seen in this picture. Hamlet was played by Richard Burton; Ophelia by Claire Bloom, and both players proved popular with the Danish audience. As well as the Danish Royal Family, the King and Queen of Sweden attended the play. The presentation of *Hamlet* at Kronborg Castle started badly when what was to have been a combined dress rehearsal and Press pre-view had to be cancelled because of bad weather, but after this setback, the weather held good, and before the first night it was announced that all seats were sold for the first three performances. Michael Benthall's production was almost identical with that seen in London a few weeks previously, and he took the novel step of transporting to Elsinore the scenery and props. used at the Old Vic. This meant that the Danish audiences received the full effect of the team work established during the London season.

On left—

THE PUBLIC VIEW THE ANCIENT TOMB AT SAKKARA : Members of the Egyptian and Foreign Press in the Royal burial chamber of the unfinished stepped pyramid. In the centre, talking to a woman journalist, is Dr. Zakaria Goneim, who made this historic discovery of the unopened tomb of a Pharaoh, which was reported last week. The rose-coloured alabaster sarcophagus, which dominates the burial chamber, is believed to be 4,700 years old, and to contain the body of King Sannakt. The tomb shows evidence that the king was buried in haste for reasons which must still remain a mystery. The burial chamber is approached by a passage 80 yards in length, the beginning of which is well constructed, but which, as it approaches the chamber, seems rough and makeshift. Leading off from the passage are equally rough storerooms for food and alabaster vessels. The burial chamber is a large cave, roughly hewn out of limestone rock with pieces of the stone still lying about.

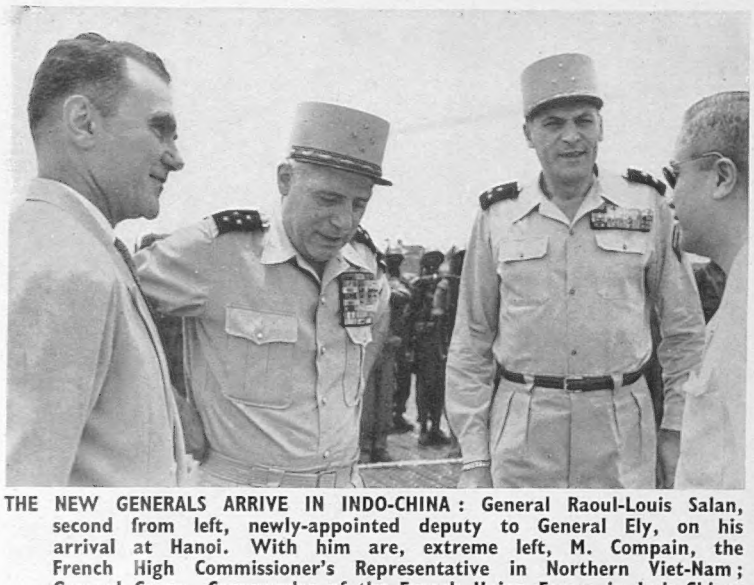
A WORLD SURVEY

A Pictorial Account of Recent Events on All Five Continents



HITLER'S BIRTHPLACE IS THE SITE OF AN INTERNATIONAL POWER PLANT : The new hydro-electric power station on the River Inn, where Simbach and Braunau, the latter being Hitler's birthplace, face each other on the German-Austrian border. The new station, which was inaugurated this month, is the first of a series of four power plants planned by the Austro-German Dam Company. It took three years to complete the station at a cost of over £10,000,000. It has a capacity of 513,000,000 kilowatts, which will be shared equally between the Austrian and the Bavarian sides of the river. The dam straddles the Inn at a point where it is over 300 yards wide.

ELECTRIC POWER FOR TWO NATIONS : Water pouring o the Simbach-Braunau dam shortly after this mon official opening ceremony. The water falls fro height of nearly 37 ft. and feeds four generat



THE NEW GENERALS ARRIVE IN INDO-CHINA : General Raoul-Louis Salan, second from left, newly-appointed deputy to General Ely, on his arrival at Hanoi. With him are, extreme left, M. Compain, the French High Commissioner's Representative in Northern Viet-Nam; General Cogny, Commander of the French Union Forces in Indo-China, and, extreme right, Nguyen Huu Tri, Governor of Northern Viet-Nam. *On right*—General Paul Ely reviewing members of the French Foreign Legion shortly after arriving in Hanoi to take up his appointment of Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner in Indo-China. With him are General Cogny and Nguyen Huu Tri. General Ely succeeds General Navarre as Commander-in-Chief. Both he and his deputy, General Salan, were members of the Commission which flew out to investigate the situation in Indo-China after the fall of Dien Bien Phu.

HONG KONG'S HENLEY—THE DRAGON BOAT RACES : Five of the six bo which competed during the qualifying heats of the Dragon Boat R competition at Kennedy Town, Hong Kong. *On left*—At the start of race. Each boat is manned by forty-two oarsmen, together with a coxswain a "comforter" and drum-banger, who stands amidships. This year, at near Taipo, two European crews for the first time took part in the Dragon Boat Fest races. They, however, were only competing in 25-ft. sampans, with a crew twelve. The comforter and gong-banger of one of these boats was the local Ro Catholic missionary. To the delight of the great crowd, the European cr acquitted themselves well, securing third, fourth and fifth places in the vari heats. The Dragon Boat Race is said to commemorate the accide drowning of a beloved Chinese scholar-statesman more than 2,200 years

VICHY COLLABORATOR RETURNS FROM EXILE : General Auguste Noguès being greeted by his wife at the Gare Austerlitz after his arrival in Paris from Lisbon. General Noguès, who is now seventy-seven, was French Resident-General in Morocco during the war under the Vichy Government. As commander of the French Forces in the area, he opposed the Allied landings in North Africa in 1942, though later he declared that he was on the side of the Allies. After the war he was charged and tried in his absence for aiding the Germans and taking up arms against the Allies, and was sentenced to twenty years' hard labour and to be stripped of his rank, decorations and property. Now that he has returned from his self-imposed exile in Portugal, General Noguès will have to be retried. On his arrival in Paris he was arrested, and later, because of his age and poor state of health, he was taken to the Val de Grace Military Hospital.

FRANCE'S NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO SEES THE SULTAN : M. Francis Lacoste during his first audience with the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed ben Arrafa, extreme left, at the Imperial Palace at Rabat. The new French Resident-General had arrived earlier in the day at Casablanca in the liner *Lyautey*. He was welcomed by high French and Moroccan officials, including the Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, and then travelled by road to Rabat. M. Lacoste has arrived in Morocco at a critical time, Not only has Moroccan mistrust of French authority mounted lately, but the French settlers themselves have shown some disaffection.

THE AUTOMATIC PILOT-EJECTOR SHOWS ITS PACES : When this F-86 Sabre jet aircraft of the United States Air Force was crash-landed near Bad Nauheim, Germany, the pilot found that the safety device was only too effective. As the aircraft touched ground, the ejector-seat mechanism calmly tossed him out of the cockpit, and did far more damage to the pilot than the crash-landing would have done. In this picture the ejector piston is clearly seen in the cockpit.

A LONG STORY FOR AN AUSTRALIAN ANGLER : Five pairs of hands were needed to hold this 12-ft.-long fish which was caught in Sydney Harbour by Mr. Keith McRae. He used a handline to land the catch, which, he said, he first thought "must be the original sea monster." The curator of the Australian Museum of Fishes, Mr. G. P. Whitley, identified it as an oar fish. He said that sometimes fish of this species reached a length of 40 ft.

PUERTO RICAN NATIONALISTS IN CHAINS : Four members of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party seen as they are brought to New York from Chicago to face charges before Judge Sugarman of seditious conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government. Altogether seventeen members of the Puerto Rican Party have been indicted on this charge, which arose out of the shootings in the House of Representatives on March 1. Four of the defendants were found guilty on charges of assault with dangerous weapons against five Congressmen. Judgment was deferred, pending the trial for seditious conspiracy.

JAPAN'S POLITICAL LEADERS GET TOGETHER : The chief officers of the main political parties are seen at their meeting in the Diet building in Tokyo. The conference was called to discuss the riot in the Diet earlier this month and to find means of bringing political life back to normal. The leaders are, from left: Tadashi Yaoita, Left-Wing Socialist; Inejiro Asanuma, head of the Right-Wing Socialist Party; S. Katsumada, Left-Wing Socialist; Bukichi Miki, of the Liberal Party; Kenzo Matsumura, of the Progressive Party; Eisaku Sato, Secretary-General of the Liberal Party; Seiki Ozawa, of the Liberal Party, and Kanju Kato, Right-Wing Socialist.

REVOLT IN GUATEMALA

Background to the News that Rebel Forces Have Invaded the Central American State

THE GUATEMALAN PRESIDENT : Lieut.-Colonel Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, whose Government is the object of the revolution which broke out in Guatemala last week. He led the overthrow of the existing Government in 1944, and himself became President three years ago.

On June 18 revolution broke out in the Central American State of Guatemala. It took the form of an invasion by land, sea and air of forces under the command of Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, which were said to have been based on the neighbouring States of Honduras, Nicaragua and El Salvador.

Within forty-eight hours of the outbreak of the revolt the Guatemalan Government had appealed to the United Nations Security Council to send observers to the country under a peace observation committee and to enforce the internment of the rebel forces by Honduras and Nicaragua. A resolution at the Security Council's meeting in New York, its first Sunday session since the invasion of Korea just four years ago, proposed that the subject of the revolt should be referred to the Organization of American States, but was vetoed by the Soviet Union. Until a few weeks ago such world-wide interest in a Central American revolution would have seemed remarkable. But lately public opinion in Europe and the United States has been exercised with the news that vast shipments of arms have been arriving in Guatemala from Poland and other Iron Curtain countries.

The head of the Government which has been causing so much anxiety, especially in the State Department in Washington, is President Arbenz, who as an army captain played a leading role in the overthrow of the Government in 1944. He himself did not take control of the Government until 1951, when it had become apparent that the mild socialising reforms of President Arevalo were neither very popular nor effective. His ambitious land reforms made Arbenz easy prey to the Communists, who were already beginning to gain complete control of the unions and of the Press. Since 1951 the Government has come increasingly and alarmingly under the influence of Communists, and it was therefore with some relief, though not without misgivings, that the American people learned of the revolt.

The revolution is led by an army officer who was once an associate of Arbenz. Colonel Castillo, who is 39, was imprisoned in 1950, but escaped and has been in exile for the past three years. Little is so far known of his forces, except that they have been based on Honduras and Nicaragua, countries which have, in the past few weeks, received large quantities of arms from the United States. It is evident that the issues of the revolt are not the simple ones of Communism or democracy, and it would be unfortunate if precipitate action by one of the Pan-American States turned it into an unsavoury version of the Spanish Civil War. A form of acceptable truce is the obvious immediate need in Guatemala

THE CAPITAL, WHICH WAS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN BOMBED : A view of almost the whole of Guatemala City. Early reports of the up-rising by political exiles against the Government stated that twelve aircraft had bombed the capital and raided petrol dumps.

LEADER OF THE REBELS : Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, exiled in Honduras since 1951.

THE FOREIGN MINISTER : Senor Guillermo Toriello, who gave news of the uprising.

BEFORE THE COMMUNISTS GAINED THEIR GRIP ON GUATEMALA : A demonstration over two years ago, which was sponsored by the country's five Communist parties. Since then Communist-dominated groups have gained increasing control in the State.

LEAVING GUATEMALA JUST BEFORE THE REVOLT : Part of the group of eighteen political opponents of the Arbenz regime which left Guatemala City for Honduras two days before Colonel Castillo's forces attacked Guatemala.

SUPPORT FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO : The demonstration of 4,000 students which supported the Guatemalan Government in the protests of the United States against shipment of arms. The banners proclaim Mexican solidarity with Guatemala and "Death to the United Fruit Company." This is the big American firm whose treatment by the Guatemalan Government has been the subject of protests by the State Department.

THE TRIM BURGH OF PITLOCHRY IN ITS PICTURESQUE SETTING IN THE TUMMEL VALLEY : A view by Aerofilms looking towards the mountain of Ben-y-Vrackie and its surrounding hills in the North. Pitlochry lies "in the centre of Scotland," in Perthshire, about seventy miles to the north of Edinburgh. The Great North Road, on which Main Street stands, runs through the southern part of the town.

THE THEATRE IN THE HILLS

The Pitlochry Festival Theatre, in its Unique Setting in the Centre of Scotland, is Now Enjoying its Fourth Summer Season

By W. A. DARLINGTON

IT was at Malvern, before the Second World War, that Mr. John Stewart first conceived the idea of founding a popular drama festival among the Highlands of his native land. One sees how the argument must have run in his mind. If a theatre in the English hills could make such a name and give pleasure to so many people, why not the same sort of thing in Scotland, where the hills were bigger and better ?

The idea was pleasing, but at the moment not practicable. Obviously, the Malvern Festival centred not upon the scenery, but upon Bernard Shaw, who was a powerful attraction to theatre-lovers in his double capacity of tutelary deity and resident jester. Scotland might be able to surpass Malvern for views, but she possessed no Shaw-substitute. People did not go to Malvern, any more than in those days they used to go to Stratford-on-Avon, simply for the outing. Drama —particularly high-brow or classical drama—was out of fashion with the big public in the decade before the war ; only the few theatre-addicts went to Festivals.

But when the war was over, things looked very different. The public had had a change of heart about the theatre, classical and high-brow plays were all the rage. And though Malvern had sunk back (to the great relief of its permanent inhabitants, who had always resented the annual intrusion of the arts) into its genteel slumber, a miracle which must have put Mr. Stewart in great heart was taking place at Stratford.

When the war ended, the authorities of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre had looked forward to the immediate future with gloom and foreboding. During the war itself, their theatre had been unexpectedly prosperous, because Stratford had been one of the chief leave centres for the American forces, and even the toughest G.I. had felt it would be something to boast about that he had seen a Shakespeare play in Shakespeare's home town. Now that the G.I.s had departed to tell the folks in their own home towns all about it, where were audiences to come from ?

The Governors were not long left in suspense. Audiences came crowding in from every part of England. Starting out at dawn in huge motor-coaches from Cornwall or Wales, Lancashire or the South Coast, parties would converge every evening on Stratford, see the play, and depart rejoicing through the night. Nothing like this had happened, or could have happened, before the war, and lovers of the theatre everywhere

(*Continued on following page*)

THE CHARMING OLD-WORLD VILLAGE OF MOULIN : Lying on the northern outskirts of Pitlochry, this delightful village was once the most important parish in the district. On the site of the church, seen at the right of the road, was the old Moulin Church which was said to have been founded by St. Colm about 490 A.D.

INSIDE THE PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATRE: *On left*, the pleasantly-decorated foyer, and, *on right*, the theatre's auditorium, which holds over 500 people. Under the dire of John Stewart, the Festival Theatre opened in 1951, using a tent as a makeshift home. Now the theatre has moved into proper buildings, which, though only temporary, provide all the amenities of a modern playhouse. This year a fully professional company is appearing in seven different plays by Scottish playwri

BY DAY, GOLF IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS—AT NIGHT, THE THEATRE: Two of the amenities which Pitlochry offers its summer visitors. *On left*—The Pitlochry Golf Co which overlooks the Tummel Valley. *On right*—The finale of the second Act of the theatre's production of *Holiday Camp*. This is a new play which was spe written for the Pitlochry stage by Robert Kemp. Three other plays by Scottish authors are receiving their first performances at the Pitlochry Festival this sum

THE THEATRE IN THE HILLS

(*Continued from previous page*)

accepted it as one more encouraging proof among many that the public taste in drama was growing steadily higher and more catholic. But only by crazy optimists could it be believed that all these tens of thousands of people were going to Stratford because they had had a sudden apocalyptic vision of the beauties of the poetic drama. True, Shakespeare was back in fashion—but not, surely, so violently as this. Clearly, a large proportion of these in-tourists came to Stratford as sight-seers, not playgoers. For them, the outing was the thing; and, if some sort of show were thrown in as part of the treat, so much the better.

A public in such a temper was all that Mr. Stewart had needed to make his own idea practicable. Malvern had been turned temporarily into a show-place because of Shaw, Stratford was inevitably a show-place because of Shakespeare. But the Scottish Highlands were absolute and natural show-places, places of pilgrimage in their own right. A theatre set among these beauty-spots would not need the fame of a Shakespeare, or even a Shaw, to draw its public. Its public was already there, if—as now seemed possible—it were theatre-minded enough. And so, in 1951, Mr. Stewart founded "Scotland's Theatre in the Hills" at Pitlochry.

To the dweller in the far-distant south, the choice of Pitlochry may seem odd and arbitrary. Once you are on the spot, it seems natural and wise. The town—I must not insult it by calling it a village, though it is not much more—lies among sheltering hills in the valley of the Tummel, near the old Road to the Isles and, more to the point to-day, on the main North Road from Edinburgh to Inverness. It is itself a resort for visitors, having more hotels per inhabitant than any other place in Britain, or so they tell me; and it is a centre for all sorts of outings. (Just for two out-of-the-way instances, you can stroll down to the Loch Faskally Dam below the town and watch the salmon clocking-in at the fish-ladder on their way up to their spawning-places, or you can drive into the hills a few miles and see where Pontius Pilate, of all people, is said to have been born.)

For Mr. Stewart personally, Pitlochry had the special advantage that he knew of a house for sale in whose grounds was the perfect site for the kind of intimate theatre that he wished to build. All he had to do was to get a licence and go ahead. No doubt the authorities would co-operate. But they did not. Building was a serious affair, and nobody believed very much in Mr. Stewart's idea. Licence to build was refused. Very well, said Mr. Stewart, how about a tent? Authority agreed that a tent was a very different matter; and so a vast and complicated canvas affair went up, inside which

THE NEW LOCH WHICH HAS BEEN CREATED BY PITLOCHRY'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: Loch Faskally, with North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Research Station in the background. This beauty spot was created by damming of the River Tummel. The loch has been stocked with fish, and anglers enjoy good trout fish

was the theatre which Mr. Stewart had all along had in mind, with a wide stage and a shallow fan-shaped auditorium. It opened in 1951, with a series of Scottish plays as its contribution to the Festival of Britain.

All the London dramatic critics were asked to the opening ceremony on May 19 of that year, and I remember quite clearly my own reaction to the invitation to be present as the representative of the *Daily Telegraph*. In the First World War my regiment had been the Northumberland Fusiliers, and I had had all I wanted for one lifetime of going under canvas in the spring among northern mountains. I looked up Pitlochry on the map, and found that it was 450 miles north and very mountainous indeed. I shivered, and hoped that something of more immediate importance would crop up to prevent me from keeping so bleak an engagement. To my relief, this duly happened; but I felt less relieved later when a friend who had been there spoke of the mildness of the climate, the beauty of the scen and the cosiness of the theatre. These things I perienced for myself in the following year, when Walter Scott had his posthumous and long-dela debut as a dramatist with *Devorgoil*, with Jean Forb Robertson in the lead.

That was, anyhow, the theatre's last year un canvas. The big tent had served its turn in an emergen and no doubt had about it an atmosphere of roma which had helped to get the venture known. But cost of erecting it at the beginning of each season dismantling it at the end was very great, and in second season it suffered a certain amount of gale dam in addition. But for this expense and the entertainm tax, the enterprise would have paid its way in its sec season; so last year the double step was taken replacing canvas by a semi-permanent outer build of steel and sheet asbestos, and of declaring the und taking a non-profit-making organisation under a boa

CLIMBING AROUND PITLOCHRY BRINGS RICH REWARDS: The view of the Tummel Valley from Craigower, a 1,300-ft. hill lying to the north-west of the town. From the summit can be seen, beside the Tummel and Tay Valleys, Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch and the Road to the Isles, together with the hills of Glencoe and Schiehallion.

THE SCENE OF THE TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY OF BONNY DUNDEE: The Pass of Killiekrankie, one of the most famous and most beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Pitlochry. It was here that in 1689 Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, routed the English forces of General Mackay, but was killed in the engagement.

THE BEAUTIES OF PERTHSHIRE WITHIN REACH OF PITLOCHRY: The mountain Schiehallion provides an elegant background to the wooded hills around Loch Tummel. There are numerous beauty spots within easy walking distance of Pitlochry, and others which can be reached after motoring an hour or two.

SCHIEHALLION RISES GRACEFULLY BEYOND LOCH RANNOCH: This 3,547-ft. mountain, known as the Maiden's Pap, was used for experiments to determine the gravity of the earth in 1777.

f Governors, who now manage the affairs of the Festival, ith Mr. Stewart as artistic director, and under the gis of the Arts Council.

So much for the history and geography of the stival, which are matters of fact. Now we come to e question of its dramatic aims and achievements, and re there is room for much speculation and many fferences of opinion. Let me begin, however, with an controvertible statement. No comparison with artistic hievements at the English festivals has any relevance re. Stratford is, and Malvern was, virtually an tension into the country of the London West End. ccess at both places came because top-rank actors ight be found there in elaborate productions. In tlochry nothing of that kind can happen, because ere is no centre of drama in Scotland of which it n be an extension, or from which it can draw a mparable strength.

This is not the place to argue why it should have come about that Scotland possesses no national theatre in the sense that she has a national literature. The fact is that she has not, and, in spite of various admirable efforts now being made in Glasgow and elsewhere, cannot hope to develop one of real importance in the near foreseeable future. Meanwhile, drama in Scotland, like drama in England and Wales, is inevitably based on London. The Scots actor, dramatist or director who wants a big career must seek it, at the moment, in London; and so long as that remains so, the best Scots plays and players will be available for the land of their origin only at second-hand.

If this were not so, Mr. Stewart's course would be easy. He could make his theatre part of the Scottish National Theatre Movement. But material is simply not available for this, and attempts to eke out what there is by staging curiosities like Scott's *Devorgoil* or dramatisations of novels like this year's *The Master of Ballantrae* have not solved any problems. They have served rather to prove that if the Pitlochry Theatre were to confine itself to Scottish plays it would devolve speedily into a clique theatre, of no interest at all to the tourists it exists to serve.

Obviously, the tourists' tastes must be considered. But here arises another difficulty. If the presumed likes and dislikes of casual holiday-makers were to be taken as a standard, that standard would be too low for the kind of theatre which Mr. Stewart and the Arts Council have in mind. The answer to the immediate question probably is that Mr. Stewart will have to feel his way for the next few years, pitching his choice as high as he dares, and making the popular pieces pay for the others, till what is already a going concern has become a profitable one. Once that is achieved, he can consult his personal taste more boldly, engage a stronger company, and go forward to solid success.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

BOMBERS IN PACKETS

A Pilotless Jet Bomber is Now Being Mass-produced for the U.S. Air Force Under a New Technique

A MARTIN MATADOR PILOTLESS BOMBER TAKES OFF : A United States Air Force B-61 pilotless bomber roars away from a mobile launching platform which is no bigger than the plane itself. The first of two pilotless bomber squadrons has completed its training at the Missile Testing Centre and is now on service in Europe.

SIDE-VIEW OF THE MATADOR'S TAKE-OFF : This newest guided missile was first shown publicly to American air correspondents earlier this month. Beneath the tail can be seen a rocket which boosts the plane's take-off until its jet engine takes over ; the spent rocket is then automatically jettisoned.

THE COMPONENTS OF THE MARTIN MATADOR : The plane is being mass-produced in seven assemblies which are packaged and not put together until the plane is in the field and required for use. Unlike the parts of other planes, the Martin's parts are interchangeable. *Below*—This is how the Martin Company's Baltimore plant sends the planes out.

HOW THE PARTS ARE LINED UP : Packed in weatherproof crates, the seven major parts of the Matador are easily shipped as separate units. As they are not assembled until just before launching, final assembly may take place thousands of miles from the Baltimore plant.

The United States Air Force's newest bomber, the pilotless B-61 Martin Matador, which was shown to the public in America for the first time earlier this month, is manufactured by methods unique in the aircraft industry. It is built in seven major sections, which are packed in weatherproof crates and easily shipped as separate units. These sections are not assembled until just before the plane is launched. They can be stored in their crates for years while remaining available for immediate use.

The Matador's seven parts are completely interchangeable—a standard practice in the automobile industry which has long been aimed at by aircraft engineers. Unlike other systems of aircraft manufacture, under the Martin Company's method of building Matadors, no two pieces are made expressly for each other. This is a considerable advance on the usual process of each aircraft being fully assembled at the factory and then being shipped as a complete unit.

The Matador is launched from a mobile platform which is barely as long as the plane itself and narrower than its wing-span. It is powered by a single Allison J33 turbojet engine, and its take-off is rocket assisted ; once airborne at high speed, the rocket booster is jettisoned. In level flight, the Matador's speed is comparable to that of the U.S.A.F.'s latest jet fighters ; when the plane goes in for its dive on to the target, it passes through the sound barrier.

One great advantage of the B-61 is the innocuous appearance of it before it is unpacked. An enemy is unlikely to see a potential bomber squadron in a collection of odd-sized packing cases. With the smallness and mobility of the launching platform, the B-61 is a formidable and not easily detectable weapon, which is a credit to American manufacturing techniques.

The U.S.A.F. was experimenting with the B-61 at its Missile Test Centre at Cocoa, Florida, over three years ago. Now the first squadron has been trained there in the use of these missiles, and is now serving in Germany. A second pilotless bomber squadron is also under training in Florida.

A DIAGRAM OF THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW BOW-LOADING TRANSPORT: This flying landing-craft is designed to land on the sea, taxi in to a beach and there land either guns, trucks, supplies or troops. On its 88-ft.-long cargo deck four 155 mm. howitzers, three 2½-ton trucks or six jeeps can be accommodated. Or, as in the rear section of the diagram, 103 seats can be installed for carrying troops. It can also serve as a hospital plane.

CONVAIR'S R3Y-2 WITH BOW DOOR OPEN: Once the nose of the aircraft has been raised, a folding landing ramp is lowered. The plane weighs 80 tons and can fly 24 tons of cargo. It is powered by four gas-turbine engines which drive contra-rotating propellers.

On right—

BOW DOORS CLOSED: The R3Y-2's are the largest seaplanes ever built by Convair who, during the Second World War, turned out the Catalina flying-boats.

A FLYING LANDING CRAFT

The U.S. Navy now has a Transport Seaplane which can Unload Straight on to a Beach

A flying-boat that can land guns, trucks, supplies or an assault company of troops directly on to an enemy beach—like the landing-craft of World War II, but hundreds of miles an hour faster—is in production at the Convair works in San Diego, California.

The world's first flying landing-craft is a bow-loading version of the U.S. Navy's transport flying-boat, the four-engined R3Y-1 Tradewind, also built by Convair. The new plane is designated the R3Y-2, and both the R3Y-1 and R3Y-2 are scheduled to go into service late this year with the U.S. Navy. They have a range of more than 2,000 miles and a faster rate of climb than many World War II fighter planes.

For an assault operation, the R3Y-2 lands in offshore waters and taxis to the beach. When the hull touches the sand, the bow opens upward, a ramp is dropped, and the loaded vehicles or troops disembark directly on to the beach. To pull off the beach, the pilot simply reverses the propellers and backs away. A 30-second taxi run lifts the 80-ton plane into the air for the return trip.

The plane can fly 24 tons of cargo. The main deck, made of specially strengthened magnesium, is 88 ft. long and more than 9 ft. wide. The cargo deck stretches back from the bow door on one level, unbroken by bulkheads or other obstructions, and can take four 155-mm. howitzers, three 2½-ton trucks, six jeeps, two half-tracks or several other types of military equipment. A multi-purpose airplane, the R3Y-2 can be fitted with 103 rearward-facing seats for normal transport operations. It also can carry 92 stretchers and 12 attendants if it is needed as a hospital plane.

Like the regular transport version, the R3Y-2 also has a 10-ft.-wide door on the aft port side of the hull for normal dock loading of cargo; both planes have air-conditioning and pressurisation systems, the first ever built into large flying-boats.

The slim hull of the R3Ys was developed through exhaustive testing by Convair's Hydrodynamic Research Laboratory at San Diego. The hull has a length-over-beam ratio of 10 to 1, double that of previous Convair seaplanes, and in sharp contrast to the old-style stubby "boats with wings." The R3Ys are the largest water-based planes ever built by Convair. Each is powered by four Allison T-40 turbo-prop engines developing a total of approximately 22,000 h.p. and driving contra-rotating propellers.

HELICOPTERS AT THE SOUTH BANK

London's Helicopter Landing-ground is Now Open to All on Giving Twenty-four Hours' Notice

As soon as the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation announced a relaxation of the conditions governing helicopter flights over London, several of these planes made trial landings on the new helicopter station on the South Bank. The station, a circle of grass on the old Festival of Britain site, is conveniently beside Waterloo air terminal.

One of the first planes to land was a Westland-Sikorsky S.55, which is an American helicopter being made under licence by the Westland Company for the Royal Navy. This also is the type that British European Airways will use for their shuttle service between London Airport and Waterloo, due to start next March. B.E.A. estimates that this helicopter journey will take less than twenty minutes.

The relaxation of the air navigation rules—which previously drew no distinction between helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft—now means that a helicopter can fly at any height over 1,000 ft. within a ten-mile radius of Hyde Park Corner, with the exception of a certain specified area. Although parts of the Thames are in this restricted area, helicopters can now fly along the Thames at a minimum height of 500 ft. So the river is now likely to be the main helicopter approach route into London. Any helicopter may now use the South Bank landing-ground on giving twenty-four hours' notice.

LONDON'S NEWLY-OPENED HELICOPTER AIRPORT ON THE SOUTH BANK: A view that soon will be familiar to thousands of people entering and leaving London by air; the circular patch of grass on the old Festival of Britain site has now been opened for any helicopter to land on after giving twenty-four hours' notice, a time which will be reduced later.

ONE OF THE FIRST TO LAND: This Westland-Sikorsky S.55, built for the Royal Navy, flew its maker's sales director the 110 miles from Yeovil to London in an hour; by train the journey takes three hours.

A PRIVATE HELICOPTER COMES DOWN: This machine, among the first to use the new airport, belongs to a new German-backed private air company. B.E.A. intend soon to start a service from London Airport.

CONTROLLING THE LANDINGS: The orange-and-white chequered van was installed on the site as a mobile control tower equipped with radio-telephone. Across the river in the background can be seen Whitehall Court. But already complaints have been made about the noisiness of helicopters.

The SPLENDOUR of CANONIZATION

Five New Saints are Proclaimed by the Pope at St. Peter's, in Rome

Two weeks after the open-air Canonization of Pope Pius X, the present Pope held another ceremony in St. Peter's Square, this time to raise five other beatified persons to Sainthood. The ceremony, as on the preceding occasion, was shorter than usual for such an event, and the Pope, who is still convalescing after his illness earlier this year, remained in the Square for about an hour. The first part of the ceremonies began on the Saturday after Whitsun and terminated with a Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's on the following morning.

One of the five new Saints is an Italian boy of fourteen, Domenico Savio, the youngest ever to be formally canonized without having faced martyrdom. He was a blacksmith's son and a disciple of St. John Bosco, founder of the Salesian Order; he died in 1857. Many miracles are attributed to him. Another is the French missionary Pierre-Louis-Marie Chanel, priest of the Society of St. Mary, who was killed by cannibals in the Pacific in 1841. The other three are Gaspare del Bufalo, a Roman priest who founded the Missionary Congregation of the Most Precious Blood; Giuseppe Maria Pignatelli, who reorganised the Society of Jesus in Italy, and Maria Crocefissa di Rosa, the Italian founder of the Institute of the Servants of Charity. All three also died last century.

It was about half-past six on the Saturday evening when the Pope was borne in the *sedia gestatoria* across St. Peter's Square to the Papal Throne. After receiving the Cardinals the Pope remained at the Throne for the ceremony and pronounced the canonization formula. This was followed by an address, and finally by the apostolic benediction. At the close of the service all the bells of Rome pealed forth in honour of the new Saints.

The process of canonization in the Roman Catholic Church is lengthy, and is performed after the Congregation of Rites (appointed by the Pope) have investigated and approved the action.

THE FIRST PONTIFICAL MASS IN HONOUR OF THE FIVE NEW SAINTS AT ST. PETER'S: The scene in the basilica during the celebration of the Mass in the presence of Pope Pius XII, who, on the previous day, had formally canonized the five new Saints at a ceremony in St. Peter's Square. They are Domenico Savio; Pierre-Louis-Marie Chanel; Gaspare del Bufalo; Giuseppe Maria Pignatelli, and Maria Crocefissa di Rosa. The thousands of candles add to the splendour of the scene.

THE OUTDOOR CEREMONY OF CANONIZATION: *Left*—The first of twenty-eight Cardinals who attended the ceremony in St. Peter's Square ascend the steps of the Papal Throne to be presented to the Pope. *Right*—Banners bearing paintings of the new Saints are borne through the square to the basilica. The ceremony was the second and last of its kind to take place during the Marian year—a period set aside by the Pope for Roman Catholics for devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

THE QUEEN ARRIVES ON THE SECOND DAY: The Royal procession approaching the Royal Enclosure. In the first carriage is the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort. In the second carriage are the Queen Mother, the Princess Royal, Viscount Hambleden and Lord Ogilvy. In the third are the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Ogilvy, Lord Porchester and the Hon. Michael Astor, and in the fourth Mrs. Michael Astor, the Hon. Katherine Smith, Sir Eric Mieville and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter

AFTER A VISIT TO THE PADDOCK: The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk and followed by members of the Royal Family, making her way back to the Royal Box after visiting the Paddock. Her Majesty had watched the saddling of her own entry for the Coronation Stakes, Angel Bright. The three-year-old filly was unplaced in the race.

THE ASCOT SCENE

At this Year's Royal Meeting Caution was the Keynote, but did not Impair the Traditional Elegance of the Scene

Shortly after two o'clock on Tuesday, June 15 the Queen's carriage led the Royal procession down the green race-course past cheering crowds: another Royal Ascot Meeting had begun. Because of the heavy going which had been caused by the rains of the previous week the procession of the State landaus up the course on the first two days of the meeting began at the Tan crossing, near the 4-furlong post. But on the third day sunshine and wind had improved the going to such an extent that the Queen's procession was able to enter the course through the Golden Gates in traditional fashion.

Throughout the meeting the rain held off but the weather conditions were never such as to allow the ladies to dress without qualms. If the hats and dresses therefore appeared slightly more utilitarian and "sensible" than usual, it did not diminish the general air of elegance and good taste with which Royal Ascot is associated. This year the enclosures were perhaps a little less crowded than in recent years, and betting was also said to have been rather lighter. It was in any case not a good meeting for backers, most of the main races going to outsiders. But under conditions which gradually became ideal, there was a great deal of excellent and often exciting racing in every way worthy of the magnificent setting.

GREY TOPPERS AND BEAUTIFUL DRESSES SET THE TONE FOR ROYAL ASCOT: The crowded Paddock on the first day of the meeting. *Below*—The busy scene in the Royal Enclosure. On the extreme right, with a small staircase leading to it, is the Royal Box. As always, Royal Ascot provided an exhilarating display of fashionable elegance. Although the weather was never very warm, there was some sunshine.

OLD BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS

A Demonstration in the Conversion of 19th-century Houses; An Unusual Residence in an Old Water Tower; the Plight of Oxford's Sheldonian Theatre; and the Acquisition of Blundell's Old School by the National Trust

HOW TO CONVERT OLD HOUSES—AN EXHIBITION SITE OFF OXFORD STREET: A row of four houses which have recently been erected in the West End of London by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. They are based on the early nineteenth-century houses in Clarence Terrace, St. Pancras, and they have been built and furnished to demonstrate to representatives of local authorities and to builders how old houses can be preserved and converted to meet present-day needs. The house on the left is typical of thousands of old buildings, but the three houses next door have been converted into self-contained modern flats. The exhibition will be open until August, when the houses will be pulled down again.

A CONTRAST IN TASTES: The old-style parlour, with its gas lighting and outmoded interior decoration in the demonstration old house. *Below*—**The living-room of to-day in the house which has been converted into a modern flat.**

THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIR: The exterior of the Wren building in Oxford, showing the serious decay to the stonework. The restoration of the Sheldonian, now a matter of urgency, is likely to cost about £100,000. It has been known for some years that parts of the building, which is best known to-day for the degree ceremonies which are held there, were in a state of disrepair, and the decay in the stonework was most prominently displayed by the condition of some of the famous gargoyles outside. It has now been revealed that the bulk of the Headington stonework will have to be renewed.

On left—
THE WATER TOWER THAT HAS BECOME AN ELEGANT HOME: This building is a familiar sight on Chislehurst Common, situated at the top of Summer Hill, where it joins Bromley Road. It was built in 1860 by a Mr. Wythes, who, having purchased nearby Bickley Park, decided to erect buildings on his estate. The water tower was to serve the double purpose of supplying water to his houses on the estate and of preserving the privacy of his estate road. But first the Metropolitan Water Board found it possible to supply the estate, and then Mr. Wythes was persuaded not to insist on his rights of privacy. So the Tower has never fulfilled its original purpose, but has become a pleasant residence and a most unusual landmark.

On right—
BLUNDELL'S OLD SCHOOL FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST: This fine grammar school building, which dates from 1604, has been presented to the National Trust by the Governing Body of Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon. The Old School was abandoned and sold in 1882, when the present school buildings were erected a mile from the centre of the town. In 1939 the Old Blundellian Club, with the help of the Goldsmiths' Company, bought back the Old School.

ERUPTION

Mount Ngauruhoe, in North Island, New Zealand, Recently Erupted in Spectacular Style—its Most Violent Explosion of the Century

THE SMOULDERING CRATER OF MOUNT NGAURUHOE, IN NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND: Recently the 7,515-ft.-high volcano gave vent to its most violent eruption this century. Ngauruhoe had been grumbling for some weeks until eventually an explosion hurled molten lava 2,000 ft. in the air. Steady eruptions were visible 40 miles away and the smell of sulphur could be detected for 20 miles. An exploring party which climbed part of the way up the mountainside reported seeing a 3,000-ft. lava stream flowing from the north-west lip of the crater. They said that in the clear sky the glowing stream looked like a great stairway to the stars. The top of the mountain looked like a giant Roman candle, with white-hot rocks for stars. Later, the lava flow gave place to a steady outpouring of steam and ash. Below is another view of the volcano, with Mount Ruapehu in the background.

FASHIONS AT ROYAL ASCOT

The Queen Leads the Fashion for the Year's Most Outstanding Race Meeting

THE QUEEN'S ASCOT FASHION FOR GOLD CUP DAY : She is seen walking to the Paddock on Thursday afternoon of Ascot Week. For Gold Cup day (traditionally Ladies' Day) Her Majesty was dressed in a white lace dress embroidered overall in fine navy-blue braid. Her tiny, head-hugging, forward-tilting hat was to match, and she also had a fur stole round her shoulders as protection against the cool breeze. Two outstanding features of her ensemble on this occasion were the attractive scalloped V-neckline of her dress and the extra long handle to her handbag. This year at Ascot visitors were faced throughout the week-long meeting with the possibilities of frequent showers, and summer dresses often had to give way to warmer clothing.

CONTRASTS ON A SUMMER'S DAY : *Left*—Mrs. Roma Fairley's choice of a dress and matching stole in spot material, contrasted with, *on right*, the sari-style dress of Princess Shulman Sadica of Bahawalpur and the costume worn by the Begum of Bahawalpur.

THEY WENT PREPARED : Both Mrs. Stella Manley, of Gravesend, who wore a lace hat and white lace off-the-shoulder dress, and Miss Pauline Paris in her black straw hat and black taffeta dress with a "balloon hemline," carried umbrellas in case of rain.

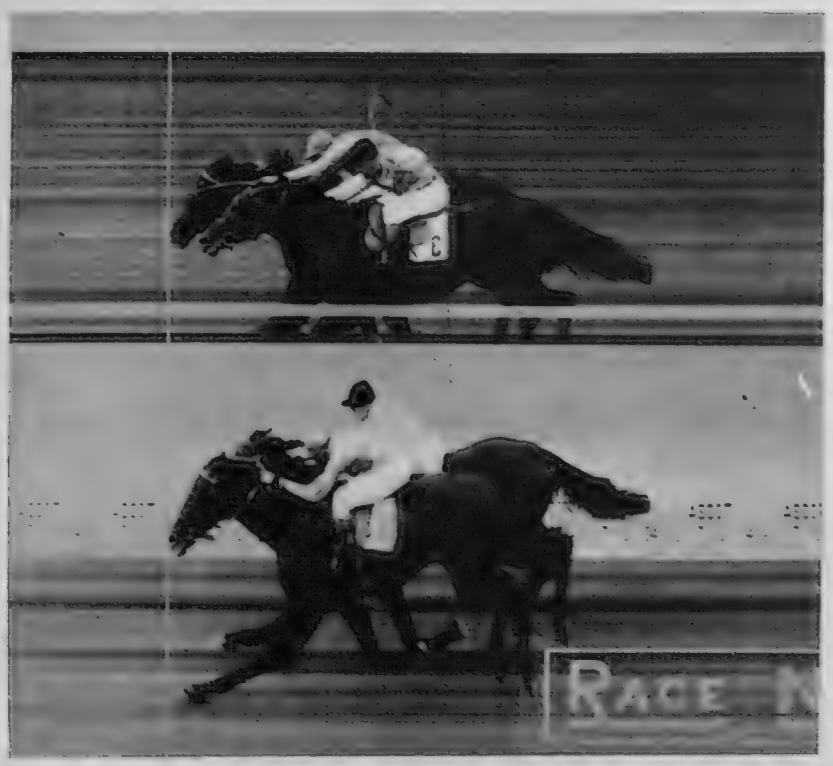
FURS, RAINCOATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND SUMMER DRESSES : *Left*—Watched by a group of spectators the Begum Aga Khan arrives to see her horse Tail-Wind run in the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day. *Centre*—Despite overcast skies and a cool breeze, Miss Catherine Cave-Browne-Cave carries a parasol and wears a gay spotted dress for Gold Cup day. *Right*—Lady Docker, who was elegantly dressed on each day of the meeting, seen arriving on the second day.

THE PHOTO-FINISH MEETING

The Camera at Ascot had to Decide the Winners of Both the Royal Hunt Cup and the Gold Cup, and was the Subject of Hot Dispute

THUNDERING ROUND A BEND IN THE ASCOT STAKES: A fine action picture during the big race on the first day of the Royal Ascot Meeting. Third from left is the winner of the Ascot Stakes, Major C. E. Raphael's Corydalis, ridden by J. Forte.

ONE OF THE MOST HOTLY-DISPUTED RESULTS WITHIN MEMORY: The official picture of the photo-finish of the Royal Hunt Cup. *On left*—Chivalry, ridden by D. Forte, right, and King of the Tudors, ridden by K. Gethin, fighting out the finish. After consulting the photograph under a magnifying glass, the judge, Major L. Petch, awarded the race to Mr. P. Hatvany's Chivalry, which was trained by T. R. Rimmel. He was held to have beaten King of the Tudors by a short head, but it was generally considered that a dead-heat might have been a fairer decision. In the lower part of the judge's picture Chivalry, on the near side, appears to be no further ahead than King of the Tudors. It has been suggested that the white nose of King of the Tudors failed to show up against the white finishing line.



THE GOLD CUP FOR FRANCE: The judge's picture of the photo-finish for the £11,612 Ascot Gold Cup. This time, however, there was no room for doubt, and M. Marcel Boussac's Elpenor was a clear winner by a short head over another French-trained horse, Silex II. *On left*—P. Blanc, on Silex II, left, makes a tremendous effort to come on terms with Elpenor (J. Doyasbere up) in the last strides of the race. This is M. Boussac's third Gold Cup. Elpenor was trained by E. C. Elliott, his first big winner in this country as a trainer. But as a jockey Elliott has ridden three Gold Cup winners since the war. The feature of the race was the failure of the English hopes Premonition, Northern Light and Souepi. The going may not have suited them, but the two French horses proved themselves to be of superior stamina. Elpenor is by Owen Tudor, a wartime Derby and Gold Cup winner, who has also sired some good sprinters.

THE GROUNDS OF SANDRINGHAM HOUSE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: Looking across the lawns to the terrace which runs along the side of the Norfolk home of the Queen. The house is of red brick.

OLDE FATHER TYME: One of the statues in the garden of Sandringham House which, by permission of the Queen, are open every Wednesday and Thursday (except July 29) from June to September and on August Bank Holiday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. The gardens will be closed when a member of the Royal Family is in residence.

ROYAL GARDENS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

The Grounds of Nineteenth-century Sandringham House, Norfolk, Have Again Been Opened by the Queen

Continuing the practice initiated by the late King, Queen Elizabeth has again allowed the gardens of her family property, Sandringham House, Norfolk, to be opened to the public. All the proceeds are devoted, through the National Gardens Scheme, to the Queen's Institute for District Nursing, after an agreed percentage is paid to the Joint Gardens Committee of the National Trust and the Royal Horticultural Society. The House gardens, managed to-day under a head gardener and staff, are a keen interest of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. They contain a lake, many fine trees and shrubs, and magnificent kitchen gardens. In the surrounding farmlands the late King George VI carried out many important agricultural experiments, notably during the recent war years, when Sandringham was the scene of a flax-growing enterprise.

Sandringham, so often the scene of Christmas Royal broadcasts, was bought by Edward VII (when Prince of Wales) in 1862, at a cost of £220,000, and it has remained popular with the Royal Family ever since. The original Hall was demolished, and the present house built in 1869-71, an imitation of the Elizabethan style. A fire in 1891 did damage to the amount of £10,000. A summer afternoon's visit to Sandringham is, indeed, a very pleasant excursion.

TWO VIEWS FROM THE SAME WELLHEAD IN A COVERED WALK: In the background of the picture, *on the left*, are the kitchen gardens; *on right*, is a view of the head gardener's house. The responsibilities of the head gardener at Sandringham are many, and he has a large staff under him. Sandringham House is set in a 7,000-acre estate, of which 200 acres is parkland immediately surrounding the house. During the summer months the locality is a focal point for visitors staying in the county.

THE KITCHEN GARDENS AT SANDRINGHAM, WHICH ARE ALSO OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION : They are elaborately decorative with fountains, rose tracery and wide asphalt paths, and are extremely productive. Even when the gardens are closed many people still congregate in the wide roads outside the house and visit the near-by Church of St. Mary Magdalene, where the Royal Family worship. The main entrance to the grounds is by the Norwich gates.

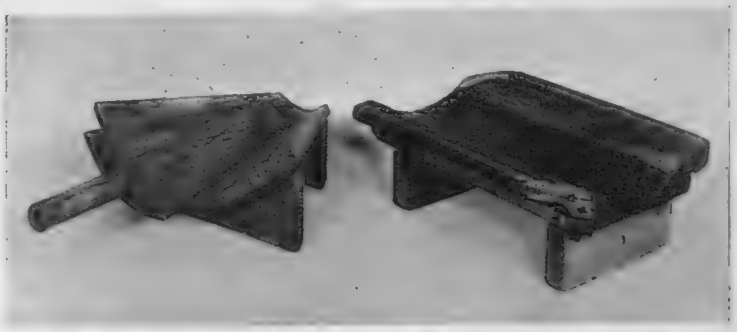
SCENE OF MUCH ACTIVITY : One of the many green-houses on the estate, which are kept fully stocked.

WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY REST AT CHRISTMASTIDE—TWO QUIET CORNERS OF THE QUEEN'S NORFOLK ESTATE : *Left*—This Buddha, set in its original Oriental shelter, is set up against a line of trees; the rope prevents the public from entering. *Right*—A view of the lake, with its masses of water lilies. It is also well stocked with fish, and the home of local water fowl. Sandringham House is not open to the public, and is roped off from the rest of the area where visitors are allowed to wander.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE WAGON : Built about 1780, this wagon belonged to a carrier in West Wickham, Cambridgeshire, who used it for taking goods to London ; the journey used to take him four days each way. The wagon is painted a bright blue and red.

OXFORDSHIRE WAGON : This was presented to the Museum of English Rural Life at Reading by T. Harris, of Wintney, Oxfordshire, whose grandfather's it was. It was built in 1838, entirely of wood found on his farm, by the local wheelwright.

A VICTORIAN STEAM ENGINE : The museum got this from Adderbury, Oxfordshire. It was made in Gainsborough in 1877 by Messrs. Clayton and Shuttleworth, and was used for driving a threshing machine ; it develops 7 h.p.



TWO DRESSING HORSES : These tools were used for trimming and shaping tiles—the one on the left for hip or valley tiles, the one on the right for pantiles. They came to the museum from Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, which, in the early nineteenth century, when the brickworks flourished, belonged to the Dukes of Manchester.

A MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE

A Museum to Preserve the Rapidly Dying Crafts of the English Countryside Has Been Started at Reading University

LACE-MAKER'S PILLOW AND CANDLEBLOCK : The pillow is set up with pins, bobbins and parchment pattern. The lace was worked by interweaving the bobbins which carried the thread over each other, and moving the pins according to the parchment pattern. The pillow was sometimes held on the worker's knees, but the use of the pillow horse gave her much more freedom. The candleblock was a device for making candles, which were expensive, give as much light as possible. The four glass flasks were filled with water. From the candle light would pass through the four flasks, concentrating on the lace pillows grouped around the block.

GINGERBREAD MOULDS : The smallest mould in the centre depicts the Maids of Biddenham, Kent. Such moulds were common all over Western Europe for at least 300 years. Bakers often sold gingerbread men wrapped in gold paper (" the gilt on the gingerbread "), and gingerbread stalls were a popular feature at fairs.

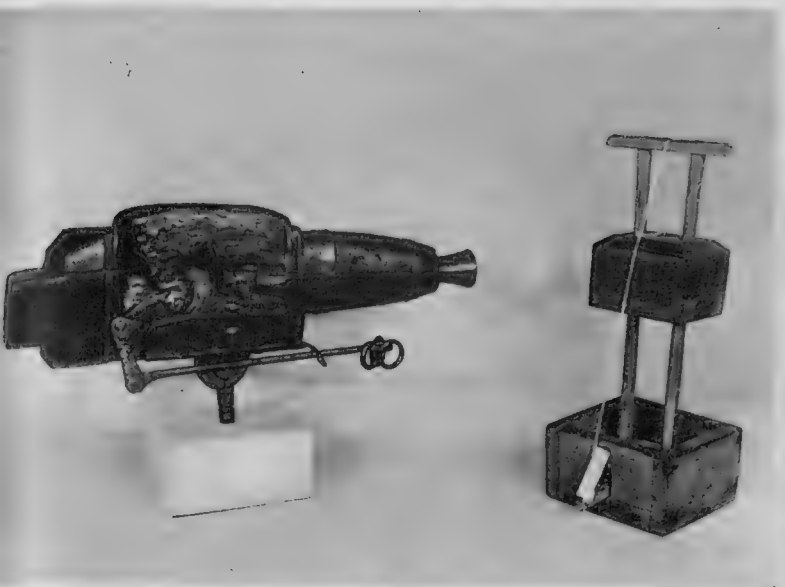
A WEST-COUNTRY PACK-SADDLE : In the hilly districts of South-West] England pack-horses remained in vogue long after they had disappeared from most parts of the country. They were equipped either with panniers—baskets which were slung across the horse—or with a wooden saddle. The one above comes from Totnes, Devon.

The Museum of English Rural Life was established by the University of Reading as an independent department in 1951 ; as Reading is an important university for the teaching of agriculture, it is apt that they should take this step.

The founding of the museum was prompted by the extraordinarily rapid change which has overtaken English agriculture. The war, with its drive for greater food production, brought about an extensive mechanisation of English farms : in a decade a change was wrought which, by the slow tempo of rural life, was revolutionary. An indication of the change is that in 1939 there were 500,000 horses at work on farms in England and Wales ; now that figure has been halved. In the same period the tractor force has risen from 40,000 to over 250,000. And, as mechanisation increases, old crafts and old techniques fall into disuse and are forgotten. The Museum of English Rural Life wants to store up and preserve that knowledge before it is too late.

Most of the Continental countries—especially the Scandinavian ones—have their folk or agricultural museums. England has lagged probably because many people have forgotten their rural heritage ; only a minority live in the country or were even brought up in it, so that most people have little or no allegiance to the land.

The University's museum is housed in a large building in Whitenight's Park, Reading, and is governed by seven curators from various faculties who are directly responsible to the Senate and the Council, so that it is independent of all the other departments. In response to their early appeals, the museum has now been able to gather together some 1,500 specimens from all parts of the country.



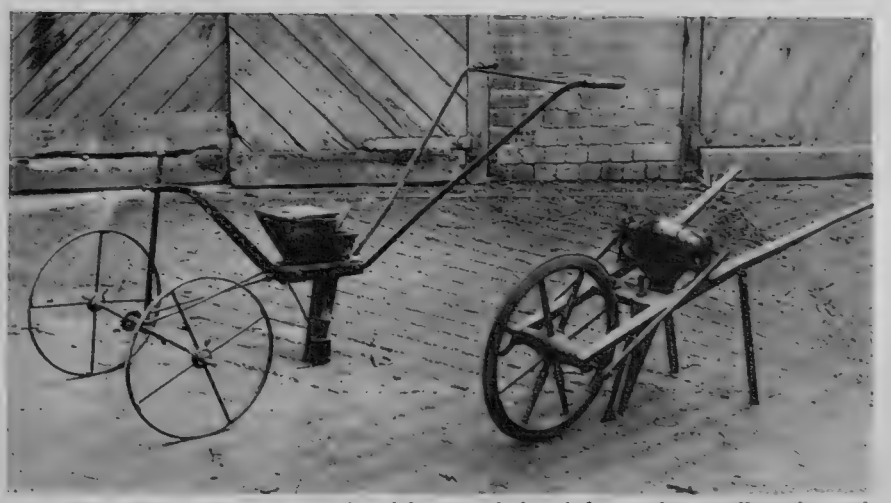
ALARM GUN AND DEAD FALL MOUSE-TRAP : Alarm guns were used by game-keepers for frightening or catching poachers. The gun was loaded and fixed on a tripod, while three trip-wires were attached to the rings, which were connected to the trigger of the gun. If a poacher tripped against any of these wires, the gun would swing round in his direction and fire, usually at his legs. Before being superseded by the spring jaw trap the dead fall trap (on right) for catching all types of vermin was used throughout England. The bait is put in the box and as the mouse steps on it the block is released and falls with force on the animal—a rather elaborate form of murine booby-trap.

ANCIENT LIGHTS : This is some of the old lighting equipment on show at the museum. On the left is an adjustable candle-holder used mainly by cobblers; the arm is jointed for horizontal adjustment and attached by slide to an upright for vertical adjustment. Next to it is a tubular sheet-iron candlestick from East Hendred, Berkshire, with a slide for adjusting the height of the candle. In front of that is a candle-snuffer for trimming candle-wicks; there is a little box attached to the snuffers for the wick to fall into. At the back again is a crusie, a primitive form of oil lamp used mainly on the west coasts of Britain. The fuel burned in the top pan was locally-produced fish oil, while a strand of cotton or a rush served as a wick. The pan caught any drips from the upper pan. Because of the unpleasant smell from the fish oil, these lamps were usually burned near a chimney. In front of the crusie is a tinder box, containing flint, steel and damper. On the right is a rushlight and candle-holder. The use of rushlights became very common after the introduction of candle tax in 1709. A 12-in. peeled rush, dipped in hot fat, would burn for about half-an-hour.

RNESS PIECES : A carved wooden housen and hames from Knowle Hill, Berkshire, fancy pieces which date from the eighteenth century.

On right—**KEGS AND HORN MUGS : Kegs of this kind were used for carrying cider or beer to thirsty labourers working in the harvest field. The kegs come from Abingdon, Berkshire, while the mugs come from Gloucestershire.**

O WOODEN PLOUGHS : The one on the left is a Wiltshire plough made at least 100 years ago in Devizes. On the right is a Gloucestershire long plough nearly 15 ft. in length. It was used in the Vale of Tewkesbury by a farmer who recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Actor Bernard Miles gave it to the museum.



TWO SEED DRILLS : The one on the right was designed for sowing small seeds, such as swedes or mangolds, and was made in the middle of the last century. The seed drill on the left was designed to be pulled rather than pushed and came to the museum from Warwickshire. The museum now has some 1,500 implements.

The museum authorities aim to collect enough aterial to provide a comprehensive history of the nglish countryside. This does not mean exclusively collection of objects, though gathering in tools and uipment is still the most important part of their rk. They also want descriptions of processes that e now dying out—such as hand clog-making. An hteenth-century catalogue of a farm sale or a nine-nth-century patent for a combined steam engine d threshing machine has just as great an importance them as a wooden mould board plough.

Their second task is to carry out researches into such pects of agricultural history as might be suggested their collections or records. As distinct from the nomic history of agriculture, very little has been ne to investigate the actual history of processes and thods. The museum wants in time to build up a ibrary " for scholars in this field. For this, the close sociation with the University is of great value.

In this line of research into agricultural history, the museum wants to compile a survey of agricultural terms. This will link up closely with their study of regional types of equipment; gradually they aim to piece together the pattern of the tools and methods that were used for the same job in different parts of the country. Many quite well-known tools not only altered in style from district to district but also went by very different names.

Thirdly, they want to show their collections to as wide a public as possible. Lately, they have been helped in this by the Royal Agricultural Society, who have let them have exhibition space at the Royal Show. Each year they have drawn something like 40,000 people to their stand.

The system that the museum follows in its collection is that whenever an article is accepted, its past history is established in some detail. It is then given a standard name, regardless of what it was called in its county of origin. Each acquisition has its own file in which all the relevant correspondence, which might be of use to students later on, is kept. The article is then photographed and the picture placed on the index card. It is then cleaned in the workshops and, if necessary, restored.

Much of the material they receive has been neglected for years, and is in a bad state of repair. So the museum is also investigating various techniques of preservation.

So far all kinds of people have given things to the museum. One day an eighty-five-year-old plumber turned up with a packet of tallow candles which he thought might be of some interest. He explained that he had bought them about forty years ago and never used them. Several large collections have been presented to the museum, among them those of Mr. H. J. Massingham and the late Miss Lavinia Smith. The Victoria and Albert Museum has also given the Shickle Collection of West Country club brasses.

COMEDIES OLD AND NEW

Noël Coward's "After the Ball," at the Globe; Arthur Macrae's "Both Ends Meet," at the Apollo

Noël Coward's adaptation of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* into a musical play is not completely successful. There are many points in the plot of what is, despite its wit, a Victorian melodrama which are hard to translate into the terms of a musical. The story, for those who have forgotten it, is of a woman with a past—Mrs. Erlynne—who blackmails her way into Society through the man—Lord Windermere—who has married her daughter. Throughout it all, Lady Windermere is unaware that Mrs. Erlynne is her mother; when she discovers her husband's cheque-book, full of counterfoils of payments to Mrs. Erlynne, she assumes that she is her husband's mistress and runs away to the rooms of Lord Darlington. There, Mrs. Erlynne persuades her to go back to her husband. That marriage saved, Mrs. Erlynne is found in Lord Darlington's rooms and her reputation is again ruined.

RENUNCIATION: Mrs. Erlynne (Mary Ellis, centre) takes her leave of high Society in the closing scene of *After the Ball*, Noël Coward's musical adaptation of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, at the Globe Theatre. Mary Ellis gives an impressive acting performance as Mrs. Erlynne and sings beautifully.

On left—
TEACUP TRIO: Lady Stutfield (Pam Marmont), Mrs. Hurst-Green (Marion Grimaldi) and Lady Plymdale (Lois Green) sing with skill one of Mr. Coward's best lyrics, "Why is it the woman who always pays?"

On right—
IN LORD DARLINGTON'S ROOMS: The men foregather just before the crucial discovery there of Mrs. Erlynne.

ARISTOCRATIC DUNS: Left to right in this scene from *Both Ends Meet* are: Edward Kinnerton (Richard Easton), Clarissa Davenport (Jane Downs), Sir George Trehearne (Alan Webb, in doorway), Jimmy Scott-Kennedy (Cyril Raymond), Lord Minster (Miles Malleson), Tom Davenport (Arthur Macrae) and Margaret Ross (Brenda Bruce). The peer and the knight have come to extort from Tom Davenport part of his legacy.

THE TAXMAN COMETH: Arthur Macrae, Richard Pearson and Brenda Bruce in a scene from Arthur Macrae's new comedy, *Both Ends Meet*, at the Apollo Theatre. Arthur Macrae has chosen for the subject of this play that almost universal obsession—income tax and how to dodge it. Into it he has written an eminently suitable part for himself—that of a middle-aged writer being dunned by the Inland Revenue. The play opens with him receiving a tax-man and mistaking him for a journalist; he does not realise the mistake until he has made some particularly damning monetary disclosures. Later, yet another tax-man arrives in the form of a suitor for the writer's ward. Here, Cyril Raymond has one of the best scenes in the play: after putting his fiscal foot in it before the young man, he then coyly explains how given he is to gross exaggeration. Money being the root of this comedy, a large amount of it is injected into the latter part of the play in the form of a legacy left to the author by a rich aunt. But in its wake come two old friends of the aunt demanding repayment of large loans they claim to have made her. They are finally foiled by being trapped into confessing their financial wrongs in front of the tax-man.

SAILING AT SOUTHSEA

Pictures of the Regatta Held Last Week-end by the Royal Albert Yacht Club and the Royal Naval Sailing Association

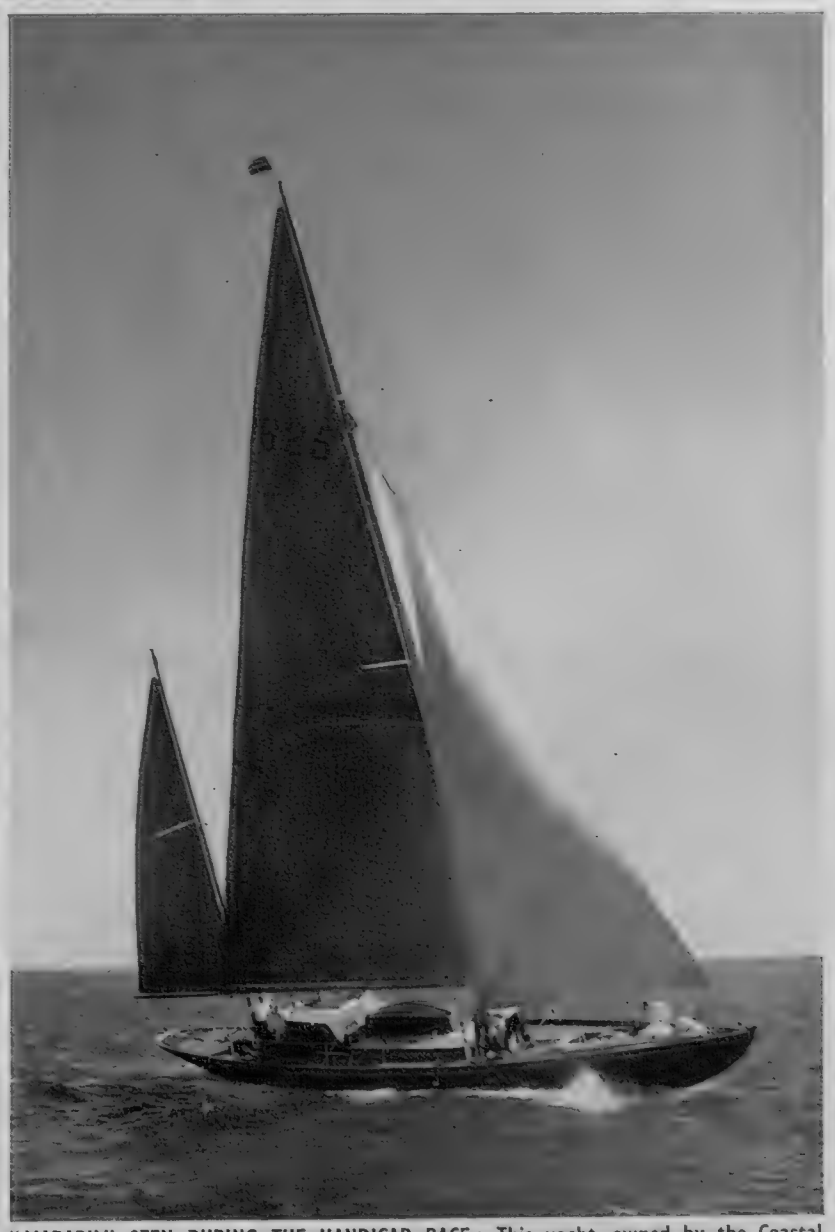
A WINNER TRAVELLING AT SPEED AT SOUTHSEA—"BLUE PHANTOM" SEEN DURING THE RACE IN THE NATIONAL SWALLOW CLASS: This yacht is owned by R. T. and G. D. Glanville, and won the eleven-mile race from *Nortazo*, owned by Mr. V. Hunt and Lieut.-Commander G. Mann, which came second, and *Pintail*, which was third. This regatta at Southsea was given by the Royal Naval Sailing Association and the Royal Albert Yacht Club last week-end. Being primarily a naval occasion, there were several picturesque naval sailing craft present of different types of rig, and many spectators enjoyed the excellent positions for viewing races which there are at Southsea. The Royal Albert Gold Cup, which was first raced for in 1903, was won this year by *Sea Soldier*, manned by members of the Royal Marine Yacht Club.

On right—

"SEA WRAITH" TRIES TO CATCH THE GENTLE BREEZE: This yacht, owned by H.M.S. *Excellent*, finished third in the race for the Windfall Class. The winner was *Seehexe*, owned by Home Air Command.

AN EXCELLENT VANTAGE POINT AT SOUTHSEA: Spectators and officials are seen around the Royal Albert Yacht Club Signal Station during the lively and colourful racing last week-end. The signal station is the nerve centre of the regatta.

YACHTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON CLASS: *Inge*, on left, finds her spinnaker flapping as the wind is blanketed by *Rin-Jin* overtaking her to port. *Rin-Jin*, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham, was third and *Inge*, owned by Mr. J. M. F. Crean, finished fourth.



"MARABU" SEEN DURING THE HANDICAP RACE: This yacht, owned by the Coastal Forces Sailing Club, finished second in this race for yachts of over 27-ft. rating, but being scratch boat was unplaced after the handicap had been applied.

STORM; FIRE; BOOKS AND PERSONALITIES

A Survey of the Home News in Pictures, Ranging from Storm Damage to New Bookshelves at the British Museum

AFTERMATH OF A WET WEEK-END—A SURREY LANDSLIP IMPERILS A HOSPITAL: This was the scene at Virginia Water after the mid-June storms when a landslide left this building of Holloway Sanatorium (a mental hospital) perched on the edge of a 100-ft. drop in Stroude Road. A shed and seven bicycles were buried by the debris. Workmen with grabs and bulldozers were called in to clear the many tons of concrete, earth and debris, but first the cliff had to be shored up. There was a fear at the time that a further landslide would affect the foundations of the building, which is used by the hospital's out-patients. Britain had exceptionally heavy rainfall during the first weeks of the month, and there was hardly a rainless day for some time after Whitsun.

A. B.B.C. SCRIPT-WRITER'S NEW HOME BURNT DOWN: Smoke a flames belching from the thatched roof of Burford Byways, t new Chichester home of Jimmy Grafton, which was almost complet destroyed last week. Fanned by a fresh south-westerly wi flames leapt through the roof and the fire brigades from Chichest and Selsey were only just able to prevent the house from becomi a total loss. Several hundreds of pounds of fittings had b installed in the house and Mr. Grafton, a script-writer of t B.B.C. programme "Forces Show," was due to move in last Mond

CELEBRATING THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI IN LONDON—BOYS FROM CHRIST'S HOSPITAL TAKE PART IN AN ANNUAL SERVICE AT A CITY CHURCH: The procession, led by boys of the Blue Coat School followed by the Master and members of the Court of the Skinners' Company, seen on their way from the Livery Hall of the Company in Dowgate Hill, to the Church of St. Mary Aldermary. All carry small posies. The blue coat schoolboys from Horsham, Sussex, together with their band, also march through the City of London at the end of September, when they attend an annual service in celebration of St. Matthew's day.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE ERSKINE ARRIVES IN LONDON: Commander-in-Chief East Africa is seen leaving plane at London Airport which brought him ho from Nairobi. The General caused something of a in Nairobi recently when he walked out of a din given by the South African Society of East Africa. was in protest against a speech by Sir Alfred Vinc formerly the leader of Kenya's European elected M.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE FIRST LAP OF A 25,000-MILE TRIP : Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates wave to friends at Eastleigh Airport, Southampton, as, with two Land-Rovers, they go aboard a Silver City Airways freighter at the start of a 25,000-mile journey to the Cape. From Southampton the party was flying to Cherbourg and then on to Paris, and eventually Marseilles, before crossing the Mediterranean to Algiers. They will then travel along the coast to Egypt, before turning off for the journey up the Nile Valley. The Land-Rovers will then proceed through the Rhodesias to Johannesburg, and finally to Cape Town.

On right—

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR ARRIVES IN BRITAIN ON A GOODWILL VISIT : Herr Julius Raab is greeted by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, Foreign Office, on arrival at London Airport at the start of his short stay last week. On the first night in this country he dined with the Prime Minister at Downing Street and then on Friday was received by the Queen. Herr Raab said that he hoped his visit would make the bond of friendship between Austria and Britain still stronger. He added that there were no outstanding questions between the two countries: "Our relations with Great Britain leave nothing to be desired."

THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HOUSE HOLD THEIR ANNUAL GENERAL COURT AND SERVICE : The Deputy Master, Captain Sir Gerald Curteis, R.N. (Ret.), and the Bishop of Croydon lead the Trinity House Elder and Younger Brethren to their annual service at St. Olave's, Hart Street, E.C., on the Monday following Trinity Sunday. At their Annual General Court at Trinity House, Tower Hill, the Brethren re-elected the Duke of Gloucester as Master and Sir Gerald (who presided) as Deputy Master. Trinity House, the first General Lighthouse and Pilotage Authority in the kingdom, was already a Guild of Mariners when Henry VIII granted the Institution its first charter in 1514 "for the relief, increase and augmentation of the Shipping of this Realm of England." To-day it governs pilotage in England and Wales and administers lighthouses, lightships and other sea-marks.

Above *and on right*—THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S NEW BOOKSHELVES : A new bookstack which, when completed, will add another twenty miles of bookshelves to the Museum's storage space, has just been brought into service. The new section is in the rebuilt South-west Quadrant, which was burned down in an incendiary bomb attack during the last war.

When the old South-west Quadrant of the British Museum Reading Room was burned down during the heavy incendiary attack of May 10, 1941, over 200,000 books were then lost; the sections most seriously affected were religious literature, English and Continental law, medical books, books on art, architecture, archæology, sports and pastimes and useful arts, and philological journals. The search for replacements still goes on, and some 60,000 of the volumes have been replaced during the last nine years.

The new Quadrant, which has been put up by the Ministry of Works in consultation with the Museum authorities, has cost about £210,000. With its twenty miles of shelving, which is four times as much as there was in the old Quadrant, it will house over 1,000,000 books. The work of moving books from the more seriously over-crowded parts of the general library has already begun.

There are six floors in the new section, all air-conditioned and closely packed with steel shelves. The top two floors will house the ever-expanding collection of periodicals, the floor below is for the collection of State papers and Government publications from all parts of the world. The other three floors will be used to house the overflow of books from the general library.

The Sphere of Travel

FROM POOLE TO LAND'S END

In England's South-west Corner, in Dorset, Devon and Cornwall and in the Channel Islands, there are Many Lovely Spots where a Restful Holiday May be Enjoyed

By GORDON COOPER

WHENEVER two or more Englishmen are gathered together, often when far distant from their homeland, and the conversation turns upon their favourite counties, you can be quite sure that the claims of Dorset and Devon are never omitted from the discussion. Cornwall comes in rather a different category, for while its coastline is superb, some of its inland districts are rather bleak and lack that peaceful beauty which is the hall-mark of the typical English scene; and then, of course, the Cornish people themselves are quite different in character.

My purpose here, however, is concerned with the holiday resorts which lie between Poole, near the Hampshire border, and Land's End, where England dips a granite toe in the breakers of the Atlantic—a stretch of coast whose splendour, I consider, is not surpassed elsewhere in Europe. It is an alluring splendour, too, for it tempts one to return there again and again.

Starting with Dorset, its chief watering-places—their Regency or Victorian ambience makes me prefer this designation—are Swanage, Weymouth and Lyme Regis. All three offer a peculiarly peaceful appeal, and are still largely unspoilt by so-called "modern" improvements. At the comfortable Gloucester Hotel, originally a summer residence of King George II when he visited Weymouth, I find a sense of contentment which I do not always get in modern hotels. Then, in Lyme Regis, a special favourite of mine, where better to lodge than at the Three Cups Hotel, the holiday abode of G. K. Chesterton. While in Swanage I look forward soon to trying out Ashley Courtenay's recommendation of the Ship Ashore Hotel, which is run on ship lines, but where you do not *feel* at sea.

The whole length of the Dorset coast is attractive, often with heather-clad hills and wooded valleys in the near hinterland, and with pretty little bays, such as Swanage, Lulworth and Weymouth; romantic cliffs, their bases honeycombed with smugglers' caves; the long, straight stretch of pebbles known as Chesil Beach; the rocky Isle of Portland (which is not an island at all, for it is joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus)—these are but a few features of a remarkably fascinating coast. Inland are the old-world towns and villages of the Hardy country, which admirers of the novelist will love to explore.

Weymouth is certainly an excellent base from which to roam around a most lovely countryside, with its curiously named villages. Many of these villages have double names, and a stream or a family are as likely as not to provide endless duplication. Within an hour's motor-run of Weymouth, for instance, there are no fewer than twelve Winterbornes—Abbas, Steepleton, St. Martin, Monkton, Houghton, Came, Kingston, Herringstone, Tomson, Zelston, Whitchurch, Strickland. The Whitcombes and Whatcombes are not quite so numerous, but the River Trent, Piddle or Puddle, provides a list like Piddletrenthide, Piddlehinton, Puddletown, Tolpuddle, Affpuddle, Bryant's Puddle and Turner's Puddle.

Ten miles north of Weymouth is the attractive county town of Dorchester, which figures largely in Hardy's novels under the name of Casterbridge. Its history goes back for more than 2,000 years, before the coming of the Romans, and it is interwoven with the remarkable earthworks of Maiden Castle (Mai-Dun, the "Hill of Strength"), the largest and grandest prehistoric hill fortress in Britain.

From Swanage you are within easy reach of Corfe, one of the loveliest of English villages, with its ancient castle dominating the surrounding countryside. The castle stands on the site of a Royal hunting lodge, at the gate of which King Edward was murdered in 978. Another unhappy King Edward was imprisoned there three centuries later; Edward II was removed from Corfe to Berkeley in 1326 and never seen alive again. Then, in the local graveyard, is the unique inscription on the War Memorial; for it contains these words from William Barnes, the Dorset poet: "Do'set men don't sheame their kind."

Concerning Lyme Regis, I will merely say that the quite easy cliff-walk along the coast into Devon, as far as Budleigh Salterton, is my idea of a perfect excursion on foot.

In Devon, the most popular stretch of its southern coastline is that which lies between Exmouth and Brixham, including such renowned resorts as Torquay, Paignton, Teignmouth and Dawlish. The publicity offices of these places issue elaborate brochures, giving full particulars of their attractions and the excursions which can be made, and I feel that little more need be said concerning them. Individual tastes must decide which resort to choose for a visit.

East of Exmouth are Seaton, Sidmouth (with memories of Queen Victoria, for she was taken there as a child), and Budleigh Salterton, all with their ever-faithful visitors; deservedly so, for the scenery of this part of the county is of exceptional beauty, and the bathing from the not too crowded beaches is ideal. Inland, are three notable centres: Axminster, where once again its famous carpets are being made; Honiton, famed for the lace which can still be seen in its exquisite delicacy in the windows of its long main street; and Ottery St. Mary, where Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born. Each has its little share of England's history; each has its share of Devon's beauty. But the whole of East Devon is full of quiet charm; almost every road reveals some prospect of peaceful, verdant country, where white plaster and thatch, old churches and friendly inns, compose a picture, especially in the summer glory of foliage and cottage gardens crowded with flowers, that can but be described as "Devonian."

When one follows the coastline westwards from Brixham there is a different kind of landscape. The coast is more rugged, more lonely, but it offers two delightful estuaries: that of the River Dart and that of Salcombe. At the former there is Dartmouth, with its lovely St. Saviour's Church and its medieval Butterwalk, now completely restored after its war damage; while Salcombe is Devon's farthest south, possessing a climate so mild that oranges and lemons grow here in the open. To those who like "messing about" with boats, both these estuaries make especial appeal.

Between Salcombe and Plymouth there are a few pleasant small seaside resorts, such as Hope, Thurlestone and Bigbury-on-Sea. In Bigbury Bay there is the small Burgh Island, where there is a kind of dream hotel (Burgh Island Hotel), which offers first-class comfort and is quite gay. It can be recommended to those who are not too concerned about cost. The Thurlestone Hotel is another very pleasant luxury hotel at which I once stayed; and it possesses the added attraction of an excellent 18-hole golf course.

Lastly, on the mainland, I bring you to the South Cornish coast. Here rugged and wave-beaten cliffs curve into well-known bays, and numerous and less-known havens shelter little fishing villages. The climate is the mildest in England, and in the Penzance district the vegetation is almost of tropical luxuriance. Let me add, however, that as the air is generally enervating, those in search of a bracing holiday had best turn to Cornwall's north coast.

I never find it easy to give special recommendations regarding the various resorts which lie between Plymouth and Land's End. Falmouth and Penzance are the two most popular places, but many people who visit this part of England's coast year after year prefer to stay in one or other of the smaller villages or towns, such as the Looes, Polperro, Fowey, Mevagissey, St. Mawe's, Coverack, Mullion, Mousehole. Then there are those two delightfully named villages of St. Just-in-Roseland and St. Anthony-in-Roseland (Roseland actually means moorland, but both spots are luxuriant with flowers and quite exotic in their setting), which are also havens of quiet beauty. I think, indeed, that you must make your own discovery of a spot which provides you with just what you want.

AT THE ENTRY INTO THE WEST COUNTRY: The ruins of the ancient castle at Corfe, Dorset, which dominate the surrounding countryside. The village of Corfe is within easy reach of the holiday resorts, just westwards of Bournemouth.

THE HOLIDAY TOWN OF BRIXHAM, DEVON, WHICH RISES ABOVE THE HARBOUR, RENOWNED FOR ITS FISHING ACTIVITIES: Brixham is in two parts (Higher and Lower), and along its coastline are several small bays frequented by holiday-makers. It is close to the bigger resorts along Tor Bay, while westwards lies the broad stretch of Start Bay.

Because of air transport services it is just as easy to journey to the Channel Islands as it is to the West of England, and it is, in fact, much quicker. From London to Guernsey takes only an hour's flying time, while to Jersey it is fifteen minutes more. Alderney also can be reached in this manner.

There are several good reasons for considering a holiday in one or other of the Channel Islands: their climate which is almost tropical in summer; their scenery, which is most picturesque; their Continental atmosphere, for the islanders still speak the Norman *patois* of a thousand years ago, and retain many interesting customs and survivals from a colourful past; and, especially for island-lovers, the delight of staying for a while on the kind of isles which we dream about, where tall trees wave over yellow sands beside sparkling seas, and we can sun-bathe and laze about or explore cliffs and caves to our heart's content. It is all very idyllic, even though we may be only playing at being castaways, for there is invariably some comfortable hotel in which to stay within a few hundred yards.

Tourism plays such an important part in the economy of Jersey and Guernsey that their publicity departments go to considerable pains in seeing that everything possible is done to satisfy visitors. In both these islands there is strict control, too, by their States Committees regarding hotels and guest-houses. Each island has its own system of grading, that on Jersey being perhaps the most elaborate. It is quite certain that this control helps much to increase the tourist efficiency of each island, although it is not always popular with some of the hoteliers—but that might be expected.

The popularity of Jersey is indicated by the tens of thousands of visitors who go there each summer, many of them for an annual return. In St. Helier, the capital, there is everything that goes to providing the kind of enjoyment expected in a large holiday resort, while around the coast there are hotels whose standards of accommodation and cuisine are second to none in all Europe.

Guernsey is rather less sophisticated, but the approach to this island by sea is something to be remembered for a lifetime. And St. Peter Port, the capital, is as picturesque and interesting a town as one could hope to find, with its tangle of old-world streets, narrow lanes and flights of stone steps worn by the feet of smugglers. Narrow passages lead to little cobbled squares and arched gateways; there is much here to delight the artist.

But for those persons who like to escape from the conventional life there are the islands of Sark and Alderney. In both these places there is an atmosphere of remoteness, of inaccessibility, and they are as different from the conventional holiday resort as chalk from cheese. Their appeal is to those who want a complete change from city life—freedom to enjoy themselves in the fresh air and sunshine. Such a holiday can be the best form of tonic. Incidentally, in Sark there are no "licensed hours" in force, and no holiday-maker there need die of thirst!

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

NEWS THAT MISSED THE HEADLINES

A Phenomenal Foal; an Ingenious Device for Motor-cycles; a New and Secret Racing Car; and the Progress in Restoration of an Old Royal Barge

On left—

A PLUCKY LITTLE FILLY—THE SMALLEST FOAL EVER TO SURVIVE: Big Bertha was nine days old when this picture was taken with her proud mother, Maize. Maize is a bay racehorse owned by Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Feakes, of Red Banks, New Jersey. She gave birth to twins, one of whom died. The other is Big Bertha, who at birth weighed 13 lb. and was 20 ins. high. Normal foals are about 75 lb. in weight and 40 ins. in height. Big Bertha was reared on a bottle, and on normal baby foods and vitamins, and was kept standing with the aid of special aluminium braces. She now weighs about 60 lb. and is 32 ins. high.

WARMING UP FOR THE TOURIST TROPHY RACES: These remarkable contraptions are nothing more than pipes leading to three motor-cycles from a special heater. This device at Douglas warmed the engines for the races in last week's Tourist Trophy competition in the Isle of Man.

THE NEW FORMULA ONE MERCÉDÈS BENZ RACING CAR: Veteran driver Karl Kling taking the car for a test drive on the racing circuit at Hockenheim, in Western Germany. This new Formula One Mercédès Benz is a 2½-litre car, but all technical details about it have so far been shrouded in secrecy. It was not even certain whether the car would compete in the French Grand Prix early next month.

On left—

A 250-YEAR-OLD BARGE BEING RESTORED: The elaborate stern of the vessel, with the coat-of-arms in good condition, although it dates back to 1689. The barge, known as the Queen's Shallop, carried kings and queens for 230 years. Its restoration at a Charlton yard is now almost completed. It will then be exhibited at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

On right—

THE NEW BOTTOM AND KEEL: This picture, showing the completed restoration to the Royal barge, may be compared to that showing the effects of wet rot which was shown in *The Sphere* last March. After these repairs the 41-ft. shallop will be completely seaworthy again.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A NOVELIST WITH MANY TRADES

Brian Fitzgerald's Biography of Daniel Defoe; Japan under MacArthur; and other New Publications both Non-fiction and Fiction

IT may be that Daniel Defoe was the father of the English novel, and that he was the first full-time working journalist, and it can also be said that he was born and brought up as a Puritan, behaved extravagantly, knew the mercurial ups and downs of being imprisoned at Newgate, in its worst days, and a short time afterwards, achieving the confidence of a king, was a tradesman, a pamphleteer, a paid government agent and a soldier fighting for Monmouth at Sedgemoor, nearly all of this before he turned to the writing of novels and produced within five years *Moll Flanders* and *Robinson Crusoe*.

The school of realism, which has been both used and abused, owes him much. His writings in verse, in doggerel and in prose, were always uncompromising and can still give the reader a faint sensation of that kind of electric shock which their publication gave contemporaries. Every phase of his life seems to have been not only unpredictable but in some sense contradictory to the last phase, or to the next. Queen Anne sent him to prison for his Hymn of the Pillory; but for the last four years of William III's reign, Defoe had an era of brilliant political activity. He knew bankruptcy, but also a period of solid riches. He had a "gloomy and irregular" house, but the planning of his garden was one of his chief joys. Any biography of him must teem with these paradoxes, all of them authentic, and by the same token must make absorbing reading. Mr. Brian FitzGerald's DANIEL DEFOE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is an excellent example of how such a study may best be written as a fresh interpretation of the known facts and papers.

Thousands of miles and hundreds of years separate that book and the next under review, which is Mr. Willard Price's JOURNEY BY JUNK (Heinemann. 18s.), the record of the author's own investigation into Japan's reaction to General MacArthur's occupation of the country. During the six years of his appointment as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Japan, General MacArthur, never a man at a loss for a purple patch, had claimed that the period had witnessed "the greatest reformation of a people ever attempted . . . one of the great revolutions of all time . . . probably the greatest the world has ever known," and had added that "the Japanese have got the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount."

Having known Japan very well before the war and being not only of an enquiring but an adventurous mind, Mr. Price thought that it might be a sound plan to investigate the whole situation, and conceived the idea of doing just this, not by visiting Tokyo, but by sailing a small junk from one end to the other of the Inland Sea and by travelling through the remoter territories in trains, buses and on foot. This book is the result: informed, intelligent and independent.

The Japanese respect for spirits, good and evil, is echoed, of all disconcerting places, in a Scotswoman's novel about a London suburb. THE VISIT (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a tale which escapes morbidity by the breadth of a bus ticket, and describes a cold and foggy Christmas spent in a boarding house by its two maiden lady proprietors, their sourly-sweet cousin, their two male paying guests and the female oddity who arrives on Christmas Eve and remains in the place just long enough to wreak all kinds of havoc, show herself to be possessed of two contrary spirits, and retreat into anonymity. All very queer, and in proof of nothing in particular except the fact, perhaps, that Miss Jean Matheson can write smoothly and strongly and is a fair hand at giving the reader a fit of the horrors.

And so, on reflection, is Mr. S. B. Hough, though he sets about it in a different way. THE PRIMITIVES (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is his story of boy and girl twins, born to a working-class family in a provincial town which I would set a little north of the Midlands, whose unhappy, badgered childhoods lead them to a spectacular climax of amorality and, eventually, imprisonment. Mr. Hough too, does it all very well, but the year after year recital of their existence with their ambitious, hysterical mother and their ineffectual father may be too much of a grim thing for some readers.

CLAY VILLAGE (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Robert Trow-Smith's story of a country community that one can only hope is smaller than life, but that teems with all the activities possible in an ill-blended mixture of the urban and the rural. Townspeople, as townspeople are constantly being told to their discomfiture, have all the wrong ideas about the way in which country people live and, if I were an urban type myself I should, I think, be just as glad of it after reading this energetic exposition of rural ways. But the purely country stuff, dialogue and description, is masterly and as authoritative as every agricultural reference from a writer who is an expert in the field.

HONOURED AT CAMBRIDGE: Distinguished recipients of honorary degrees of Doctor of Law at Cambridge recently are, from left—Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice of England; the Marquess of Salisbury; Miss Ruth Draper, the American actress; and Sir Edward Bridges, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

LOVE IN LONDON (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.) is an agreeable little fantasy about South American diplomats, their daughters (romantic), their wives (sensual but practical), their acquaintances of all sexes, and the brisk dénouement brought to their complicated affairs by a young London policeman with his own share of sensuality, ambiguity and common sense. Mr. Villiers David writes with enough style and lightness to persuade the reader that the whole thing is as much of a lark for one as the other, and the result is a fine and entertaining little piece of frivolity.

Miss Pamela Duncan's first novel, TOO QUICK DESPAIRER (Bles. 10s. 6d.), is a pleasant, if slightly solemn introduction to a new writer whose work has all the freshness and all the seriousness of youth; an attractive combination when the theme itself is the emotional development of an intelligent and pretty girl. The heroine of Miss Duncan's story is, when we first meet her, a schoolgirl and later an art student in an English country town, experiencing the awkwardness, the tangles and later the first faint sense of power that such a girl may know, and her uncertainties and the milestones of her first conscious decisions are conveyed with considerable sensitiveness and a nice sense of language.

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is a novel by Mr. Christopher Isherwood and is, for the most part, gentle and elegiac in mood; the story of a man, half-English and half-American, who has reached the age of thirty-six without a corresponding maturity of character but with plenty of money and, after an accident, with plenty of time to brood over the significance of his two lost marriages, and his hitherto pointless life. Those who expect profundities from this poet will, I feel, be disappointed, for there is hardly a situation or a reflection that is far beyond the common-place, but the telling of it all is as smooth as a bowl of cream and its consistency as rich.

Twm Teg covers the identity of an author who prefers to remain anonymous for the purposes of his novel, JONES—*A Gentleman of Wales* (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), and who writes with considerable vivacity, gusto and erratic construction about his eccentric hero. For Jones himself is a queer fish who attributes his revolt from the serious and the orthodox to the terrible shaking-up he had when he was born in a storm at sea. The author writes of him in a number of styles, from pastiche and parody to verse and worse (as someone once said), and the result is a confusion that is sometimes richly comic and sometimes just chaotic.

Igor Gouzenko, the Russian who was instrumental in unmasking a Soviet spy ring in Canada, and now lives there hidden, under the protection of the Canadian Government, was born in Rostov-on-Don some time after the Russian revolution, and for twenty-five years was subjected to the full force of Communist indoctrination, becoming at length a responsible member of the Russian Intelligence service, before his appointment overseas showed him the opportunities of a free way of life. Now he has written a long and exceptionally powerful novel, THE FALL OF A TITAN (Cassell. 16s.), which reflects what he knows of his natal town, of his own people and of the Communist State. Ostensibly it is the story of a young man, a cynical opportunist, who is offered promotion in the regime at the price of bringing Russia's greatest contemporary writer back to the ideological fold. This man, Gorin, whose character and history have many analogies with Maxim Gorki's, has been a friend of Lenin's, a revolutionary writer and a national hero but in the few years of his return to Russia from living abroad, the Politburo find that he has diverged from their views, that he is sternly critical of their method and that, where they expect him to praise, he is silent. Failing to "reform" him, their agent kills him and is rewarded with a posting to Washington.

The plot is brutally simple, but there is far more to it than this outline suggests; a full and complicated picture of life in the U.S.S.R. on the levels of the Kremlin, the lesser officials, and the ordinary man and woman; often overwhelming, violent, sentimental, prolix, many of the things one associates with all but the best of Russian literature, and nevertheless an impressive book in its own right, and apart from the sensational nature of the writer's own background.

The news of two good detective stories in one week should be welcome to fans. DEATH OF A LAKE (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a new Napoleon Bonaparte mystery in which Mr. Arthur Upfield's brilliant, half-aborigine policeman tracks down a murderer—or murderess—in the intolerable heat of summer in the Australian outback, on a remote sheep station.

Frances Crane writes about her happily married amateur sleuths, the Abbotts, in MURDER IN BRIGHT RED (Hammond. 9s. 6d.), which is bright enough to have a sincere recommendation to your attention.

A PLANNER OF CITIES

Gordon Logie's New Survey, "The Urban Scene"

Gordon Logie is one of those men included in the collective condemnation which certain scornful folk reserve for planners. He is engaged in the day-to-day task of making at least one bit of London fairer, and his special responsibilities lie in the hard-hit East End, where bit by bit a new pattern is emerging as neighbourhood units are growing up, where children can play in safety away from the main streams of traffic, where people can feel that they have a happy, convenient and beautiful place in which to live. In his new volume THE URBAN SCENE (Faber and Faber. 42s.) Mr. Logie sums up some of his well-developed ideas, and with the aid of a carefully selected series of photographs, he shows how London, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Paris and Innsbruck, to mention only a few cities, are tackling their problems of development. Mr. Logie has concentrated essentially on the beauty and visual character of towns how it has been achieved in the past, and what new forms we may possibly achieve in the future. He has deliberately ignored sociology, economics, hygiene and engineering. He says that real beauty is as rare in towns as in human beings, but allows that character and a pleasant countenance are not so rare. It is good to know that we have men of this quality playing a part in our modern-day planning, who are determined to see that the character of the past is not "muddied and spoilt," that the pattern for the future is secure. Urbanism is the art of man as a social being; declares the author, and he looks forward to the day when all our towns are a delight to the eye and a worthy setting for human kind.

Another writer on architectural matters is Hugh Braun, who in his latest book describes THE RESTORATION OF OLD HOUSES (Faber and Faber. 16s.). This is for the most part a technical book, but, in the hands of an enthusiast with an old house to restore, it will no doubt assume a very special interest and importance, and some of the major complexities will surely fade away. Excellent photographs adorn the text.

For a young man with two heavy leg irons and a pelvic band, the victim of eight surgical operations, the possessor of a partially paralysed left arm and a double "S" curvature of the spine, Guy Cole has been heavily handicapped from his childhood, and since childhood he has had an unquenchable yearning for the sea. Somehow or other that yearning has been satisfied, for Guy Cole is a great trier. In 1949 he achieved his dearest wish when he obtained a passage in the 31-ft. racing yacht *Galway Blazer*, crossing the Atlantic in that frail but speedy little vessel in company with Bill King, a retired naval officer. Guy has written about his adventures under the title SAILING IN IRONS (Museum Press. 16s.). This is no classic of the sea, because in its lesser moments the narrative has a certain sameness, but the author excels in his descriptions of human relations and he regales us with a most exact account of the sort of misunderstandings in which two grown men may become involved, when thrown into each other's company for days and nights at a time, particularly when one of those men is a sailor born and bred and the other a mere tyro, heavily handicapped physically, and perhaps over-conscious of shortcomings, many of them largely imagined. Guy Cole survived the perils of the Atlantic and also a spell of Caribbean cruising, to become a most expert yachtsman. He has obviously derived infinite pleasure from his voyaging, and his book, though modest indeed, is one in which he can take deep pride, for it marks a triumph of the human spirit in the midst of adversity.

Theodore White, journalist and student of international affairs, calls his new book FIRE IN THE ASHES (Cassell. 15s.). It is really a survey of Europe in mid-twentieth century written from the American point of view, and particularly from the standpoint of Europe's debt to America for the constant stream of help that has been accorded her since the close of the Second World War. It is not a well-balanced book by any means; it is full of downright assertions, such as: "Stalin was an authentic genius, but a genius of hideous malevolence"; "Hollywood has filled average Europeans with the same dreams as average Americans"; "While sneering at American education and all its ways, Britons recognise that there is still something important in it." There is too much certitude about all Mr. White's theorising, but he is both fluent in writing and painstaking in research, and his book at least helps us to an understanding of the American approach to her new role in world affairs.

Farming is one of Britain's greatest industries. It has had a rough passage at the hands of politicians, who have at times been notably lax in helping the farmers to sustain their land at maximum fertility. Ralph Whitlock, farming Editor of *The Field*, is very conscious of our agricultural heritage, and in THE LAND FIRST (Museum Press. 25s.) he has made a survey which points clearly to the way ahead. His own experience as a working farmer adds greatly to the value of his book.

Brighton is one of the thirty largest towns in England. How it arose, grew and now exists is a fascinating story, and Edmund Gilbert, Professor of Geography at Oxford, tells it with zest in his new volume BRIGHTON: OLD OCEAN'S BAUBLE (Methuen. 25s.).

ILFORD FILMS
for faces & places

Pyrford Mill, Surrey

When you photograph an attractive face or an interesting place, give your camera a proper chance by loading with an Ilford film.
Make your choice between HP3 (the high speed film for subjects in action and exposures in poor light); FP3 (the fine grain film for high quality enlargements) and Selochrome (the outdoor film for sparkling snapshots). You can't go wrong with any of these famous films—you'll get a good picture every time.

ROLL FILM No.	HP3 & FP3	SELOCHROME
127	2s 7d	2s 3d
120 & 620	2s 11d	2s 7d
116 & 616	3s 8d	3s 4d
*828	2s 3d	—

*Available in FP3 only

ILFORD FILMS ARE MADE TO FIT ALL POPULAR CAMERAS

THIS is the Gin...

. . . FOR A

PERFECT GIN

AND TONIC

Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a goodish sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax . . . Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as Gordon's* Gin and Tonic.

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

MAXIMUM PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d • ½ BOTTLE 17/7d • ¼ BOTTLE 9/2d • MINIATURE 3/7d • U.K. ONLY

And these are Gordon's too...

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with soda water or tonic water if preferred.

BOTTLE 32/- • ½ BOTTLE 16/9d • MINIATURE 3/5d.

Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

ROD. LINDT FILS ESTABLISHED 1879

A FINAL FLING AT OXFORD

Undergraduates Celebrate the End of Schools in Traditional Style

WINE AND SONG: The glasses are charged, the toast proposed; the trumpet player closes his eyes and makes music; an umbrella is held aloft to prevent a drop of rain from polluting the precious champagne. This is the scene in front of the Examination Schools in Oxford's High Street as undergraduates celebrate the end of the final examinations, or Schools. Fifty years ago undergraduates would refresh themselves with a glass of champagne between examination papers. In these more austere days they have to content themselves with this annual celebration on the pavements of The High, and the usual high-spirited revelry.

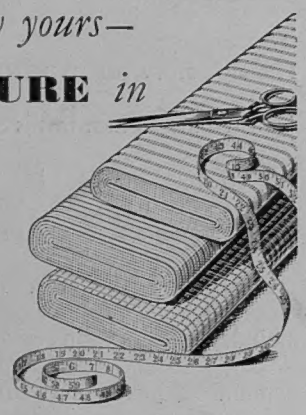
AND WOMEN TOO! Two of the ladies who have been invited to the party duck apprehensively as the critical moment approaches: the cork is almost out of the bottle, and the young host concentrates fiercely on his vital task.

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR A PARTY: Come sunshine or rain, indoors or on the pavements of The High, the Oxford undergraduate can always be relied on to make merry. What is more, this time he has a very good reason for celebrating.

Very personally yours—

shirts **MADE TO MEASURE** *in*

'TRICOLINE'



- A shirt to your own pattern
- Each collar laundry shrunk
- Any shape of 'Trubenised,' stiff or soft collars
- Coat style or closed front
- Mother-of-pearl buttons
- All these at no extra cost

Send now for the new season's 'Tricoline' patterns. Better still call in and see them. A made-to-measure 'Tricoline' shirt with two 'Trubenised' collars is yours for **62/9d.** or with attached soft collar, made to retain its shape **56/-.** Over 45" chest extra.

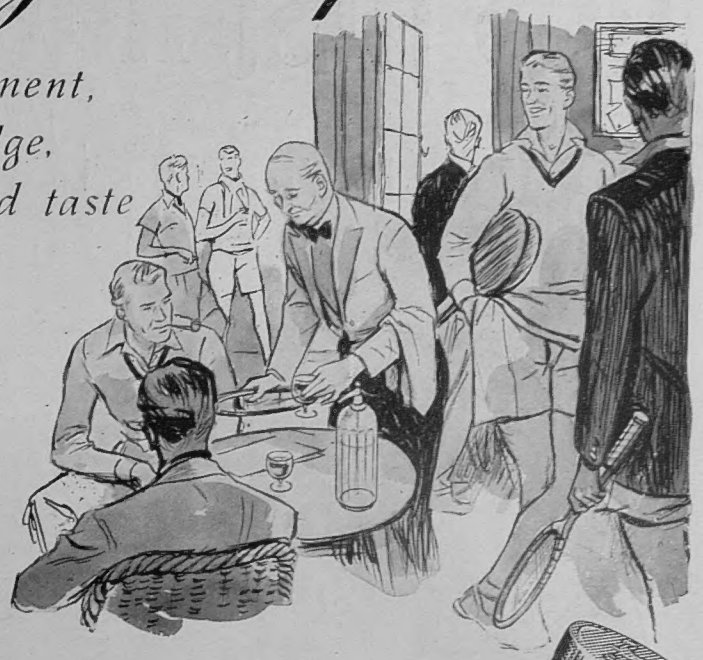
HORNE
BROTHERS · LIMITED

HORNE BROTHERS LIMITED, 415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Branches throughout London and the Provinces

54.H.5

Players & Spectators

of judgment,
knowledge,
skill and taste



choose whisky

of fine reputation,
mature, pure
and perfectly
blended

'Quality Tells'

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

naturally

VAT 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., QUALITY ST., LEITH *London Office.* 63 PALL MALL, S.W.1

Take advantage of

SABENA's

REDUCED TOURIST CLASS FARES

for Continental Holidays

Fly and relax in the comfort of pressurised Super D.C.6 and Convair Liners—enjoy Sabena meals or refreshments free on board.

LONDON/BRUSSELS by Sabena & British European Airways £11.0.0 return (applicable to services operating between 18.00 and 08.30) Other Tourist Class Services £13 return.

Also Sabena Belgian Coast Tourist Class Services in operation from LONDON/OSTEND or LE ZOUTE £11.5.0 return. From June 25 to September 13, 1954.

MANCHESTER/OSTEND £14.17.0 return. From June 13 to Sept. 15, 1954. Easy connections to all Belgian Coast Resorts.

CHEAPER TOURIST FARES ALSO AVAILABLE TO

ATHENS · BARCELONA · BONN · DUSSELDORF
FRANKFURT · HAMBURG · COLOGNE · LIEGE
MADRID · MILAN · NAPLES · NICE · NUREMBURG
PALMA · ROME · SALZBURG · STRASBURG

Remember! Sabena earlier flights add an extra afternoon and evening to your holiday.

BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR:—

SABENA BELGIAN AIRLINES

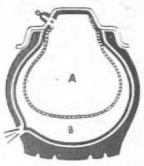
205 Regent Street, London, W.1 Mayfair 6442
Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1 Sloane 3439
Air Terminus, Royal Exchange, Manchester, 2 Deansgate 6956
147 Bath Street, Glasgow, C.2 City 6018/9
7a Newhall Street, Birmingham, 3 Central 7434/5

SABENA

He's just had a tyre burst!

-BUT THEY'RE SAFE ON LIFEGUARDS

Now, today, you can be completely safe from tyre burst dangers. How? By fitting Lifeguards — the Safety Tubes by Goodyear that in 18 years and millions of motoring miles *have never been known to fail.* If a tyre bursts you can bring your car to a smooth, safe, controlled stop. No lurch, no "snatch", no alarming swerve across the road.

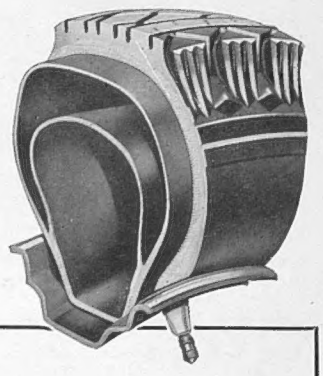


Far outlast ordinary tubes

Lifeguard Safety Tubes are as easy to repair as ordinary tubes, outlast them for wear — and outwear three or more sets of tyres. Here's real economy for you . . . plus safety to life — value which no one can measure. Call in today at your tyre supplier — Lifeguards are available for most popular tyre sizes.

THE TUBE-WITHIN-A-TUBE

The principle is simple. The Lifeguard consists of a tough two-ply fabric tube built inside the normal tube. The two tubes are connected by a special two-way air valve. Should the outer tube burst, the reserve of air in the inner chamber escapes slowly through the two way valve . . . the inner tube takes the sudden impact, releases its air slowly. A burst is made as harmless as a slow leak!



LIFEGUARD
Safety tubes by
GOODYEAR

A TRIBUTE TO
WINSTON CHURCHILL
In his 80th Year

The life-story of WINSTON CHURCHILL makes fascinating reading. As a tribute to him in his 80th year, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has published a special 10s. 6d. Record Number in his honour, telling the story of his life from babyhood until the present day. It is a full, graphic and revealing account and includes photographs that have not been published before. The demand is heavy and, to avoid disappointment, we advise you to secure your copy from your regular bookstall or newsagent at once, price ten shillings and sixpence.

FOR
Acid Indigestion

SO ***QUICK*** *to relieve acidity*
SO ***PLEASANT*** *to taste*
SO ***HANDY*** *for pocket or bag*

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (REGD.)
TABLETS
30 Tablets 1/4½ • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Visiting London?

600 SELF-CONTAINED APARTMENTS. Each with own Bathroom and Kitchen with Fridge., Maid Service, etc. One room, two rooms or suite. In the heart of London. Comfortable, convenient, inexpensive. From £1 15s. 0d. per day.

Write for Brochure.

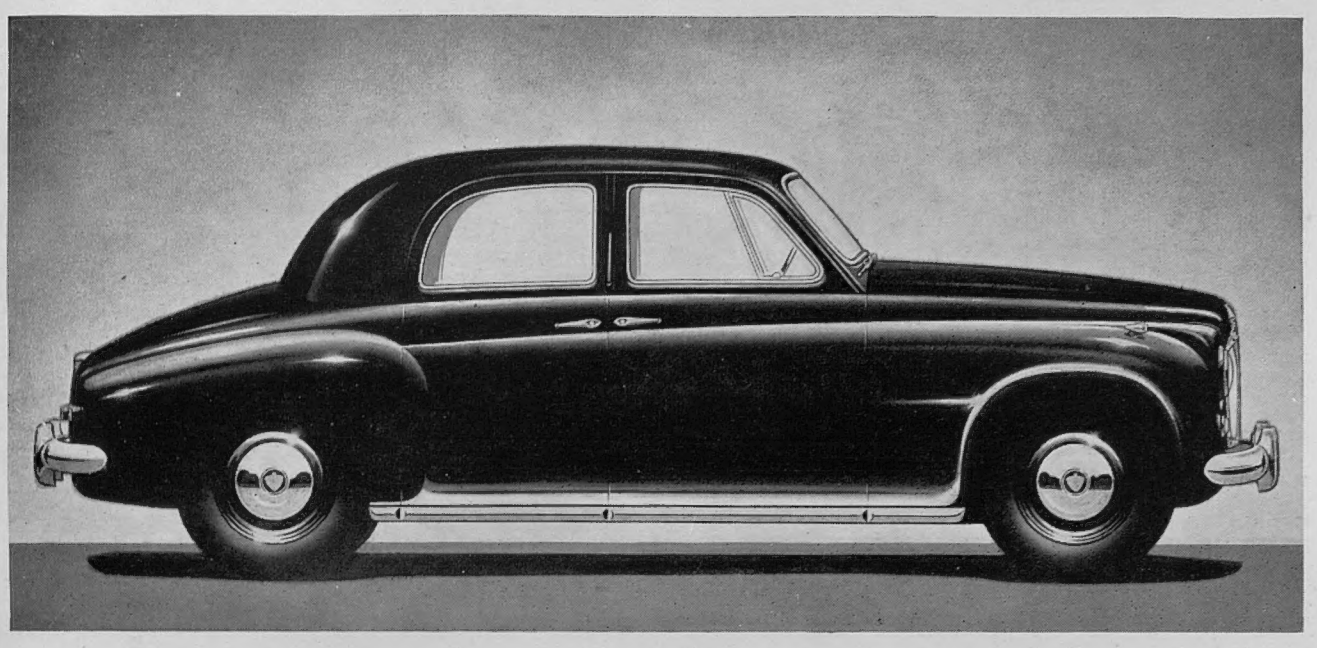
PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH • LONDON

TORQUAY
Queen of the English Riviera

In this gem of glorious Devon the atmosphere of the Continental Riviera has been brought to the West: 11 miles of rugged, colourful coastline, 7 beaches, palms, sub-tropical gardens, sport and, if required, Spa treatments. First-class Hotels, famous for service, comfort and cuisine.

Free literature or illus. Guide (P. O. 6d.) from Berkeley Hollyer, 29 Publicity Offices, Torquay.

EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICES



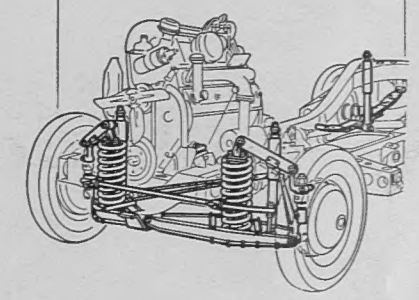
By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

Continuity of Effort

CONTINUITY of effort in the search for an ideal has always been the guiding principle of Rover designers. Alert to apply the latest scientific discoveries, they have succeeded in producing cars which are a pleasure to look at, a delight to drive and offer a high resale value after long and trouble-free service.

For 1954 three models are presented—the "Sixty" (4-cyl. 2-litre), the already famous "Seventy-Five", and the "Ninety" (6-cyl. 2½-litre). Progress in design is exemplified by a number of improvements common to all three cars, including synchromesh on second, third and top gears, and a new central gear change. Rubber bushes and sealed bearings virtually eliminate grease-gun service.

The robust independent front wheel suspension has long fore and aft radius arms to take the braking torque, and front end dip when braking is virtually eliminated. Shocks imparted by the roughest road surfaces are completely absorbed, due to the generous amount of vertical wheel movement and the fitting of the latest and most efficient type of telescopic shock absorbers.



ROVER

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-242

NICE

There is a new through Skymaster service to the Riviera this summer calling at Marseilles and going on to Nice. They look after you very well on board, a good lunch free of charge and cigarettes and drinks duty free. Connecting transport is available to *anywhere* on the French or Italian Rivieras and it is so nice not having to change aeroplanes on the way. It costs £29.15.0 return to Nice or £29.9.0 to Marseilles and our Travel Agent arranged it all.

Other Tourist return fares from London:

PARIS £13	*offpeak* £11;
PARIS *Epicurean Viscount*	£16
BARCELONA	£36.11.0
PALMA...	£40.14.0
ROME	£47.14.0
MILAN	£34.4.0
GENEVA	£26.4.0

From Manchester slightly more.

Illustrated brochure on request.

AIR FRANCE

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. *WHitehall 4455*

HAPPY WARRIOR

" It's come, Mr. Gerald — a pressing note from the Colonel. He says the old Unit wants me back and he hopes the Dunkirk Spirit still lives on."

" *What, Hawkins, will be the nature of your Home Guard duties?* "

" Night manoeuvres, sir. Some of the ablest dart players have left the neighbourhood — and you may recall that I led the Team to victory in '43."

" *An occasion I am unlikely to forget, Hawkins! . . . Should you ever celebrate a comparable victory, I trust you will not overlook your nightcap of Rose's Lime Juice.*"

" Wisdom, Mr. Gerald, comes with advancing age. Would you care for a glass of gin and Rose's now? "

" *Nice work, Sergeant Hawkins.*"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE
for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

BELL'S

'Afore ye go'

This fine old whisky contains all the richness of many years maturing.

ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •
Established 1825

The proof of the paper...

Try your strength against a piece of Aylesford Kraft paper. You will soon find how strong it is.

Why is it that this tough yet tractable paper—unrivalled for bags, wrappings and multi-wall sacks—has won so fine a reputation? Because Aylesford Kraft is pure kraft. The pulp from which Aylesford Kraft is made is the best that the forests of the earth can offer. Its quality and moisture-content are carefully controlled so that it can be restored to the ideal condition before it is beaten and passed to the giant machines up to twenty feet wide, which to-day make possible the largest output in Europe. Nothing but this pure material and British craftsmanship goes into the making of Aylesford Kraft. It is a pedigree paper unsurpassed in quality.

Reed PAPER GROUP

There is no better Kraft than AYLESFORD KRAFT—made in Kent by British craftsmen

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD
Aylesford Mills, Tovil Mills and Bridge Mills, Maidstone

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD • THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD • BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD • THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
REED FLONG LTD • HYGIENE PRODUCTS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD • POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD • REED PAPER SALES LTD.

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1954. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.